Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 195.

SATURDAY JULY 27TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE "F.E."

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Trouser Press for sale; brand new, never been used; no further use for same; honestly worth 15s.; take 6s.—Box 9103, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Boots direct from factory, wholesale prices; send P.O. 9s. 10d.; for pair gent.'s black glace kid boots, lace or Derby fronts, welted, light and comfortable, all leather throughout; fair wear, or free pair guaranteed; also same quality and style, but in box calf and trifle heavier on outsole, same price, viz., 9s. 10d.; state size and shape of toe required; money returned if not approved; catalogue free.—Leslie and Co., 29, St. Leonard's Road, Leicester.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1177.

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One and a half dozen double collars, in excellent condition, size 15½, 2¼in. deep; bargain 3s. 3d. the lot.—Box No. 9102, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Air pistol, "highest possible," by Westley and Richards; cost 30s., hardly soiled; sell 18s.—F. Bates, 61, Park Street, Beeston, Notts.

Fishing rod, all round utility, reel, cost 9s. 6d.; line, etc., 12s. 6d.; worth 25s.—Box 9203, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Whiteley exerciser, 3s.; Sandow's developer, 3s.; 2 pairs dumbbells, 1s., 2s. 6d.—Box 9204, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Mahogany double sculling skiff, condition as new, lunch table, pipe racks, all cushions, etc., very little used, housed on the upper reaches of Thames, £20, or nearest offer.—Box 9205, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Permanent curly hair, receipt 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9,200, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Superfluous hair instantly removed; recipe 7d. (stamps).—Box 9202, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One of the finest known tonics for all nervous disorders, headache, indigestion, etc., etc.; recipe, 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9173, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Barber's rash, sure cure; box 2s. 6d.—Mather, 25, Abbey Grove, Bolton.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Chemist's assistant will send an absolutely efficacious recipe to sufferers of sore and perspiring feet; P.O. 1s. 1d.—Box 9201, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Books: New complete Harmsworth Self-Educator, perfect, also Harmsworth's World's Great Books, just bound, cost £2 each; what offers.—Collins, Beaumont Road, Bournville.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Girvan's advt., page 1178.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1178.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eight words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook with testimonials and specimen lessons gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Happgood's advertisement, page 1180.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 3d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful seamless Axminster carpet, brand new, latest design, with underfelt, 9ft. by 7ft. 6in., 45s.; bargain below cost.—Box 9192, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. The latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely workable wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Handsome silk tapestry couch, drawing-room suite, magnificent couch, in absolutely perfect condition, a great bargain, £6 5s.; the suite seen by appointment.—Box 9191, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, quantity of corrugated iron roofing; must be cheap; in London.—Box 9216. "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Stret, London, E.C.

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1184.

Cut here.....

Modern Man

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Saturday, July 27.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon reet, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready consider good topical articles and short stories ot to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly ritten or typed, on one side of the paper only, and ust be accompanied by a stamped addressed avelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor oes not hold himself responsible for the accidental ss of any contribution submitted on approval. Conibutions will be paid for on publication, at our usual ates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

hall be pleased to receive from readers in any part country newspaper cuttings on matters of topical suitable to deal with under this heading.

reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *n Pen will be sent.*

newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must panied by proof that it is authentic.

* * *

and Boxers.

disgust was evinced by the would-be spectators some go at the "Ring," in Blackfriars Road, when the Dixie Kid failed to put in an appearance for his much- and eagerly-expected contest with Morris. There n far too much of this "bilking" of the public on of boxers—especially black ones—lately; and our advice to boxing promoters is to see that there is no it.

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ontinues, there is no doubt that a long-suffering pub- become "fed up," just as they did with wrestling, promoters will bewail the loss of the heavy emolu- hat they have been enjoying for quite a long time

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rts and Conditions of Fools.

Kingston-on-Thames riverside politician who has given his skiff the deliciously witty name of "9d. for 4d."

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Islington girl who stabbed another woman because both were in love with a musician in the orchestra of a local music-hall.

* * *

parents of a little six-year-old girl who allowed her to swim a distance of half a mile in Dover Bay in nineteen minutes recently.

* * *

originator of the Insurance Act "joke" about "lickers" and liquors.

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Enterprises.

rprising Americans are far too fond of coming over to untry, erecting crazy switchbacks or joy-wheels, and g visibly on their receipts from the thousands of males and females who go in for such recreation. But if the futility of the "fun" were its only negative quality, it would be comparatively harmless—but it is actually, in many cases, dangerous to life. The tragedy that occurred a day or two ago at Southend, when a man fell out of a swiftly-moving "scenic railway" car, dying shortly afterwards, ought to show up the callousness of these fun-providers who risk other people's lives to make money for themselves.

* * *

Scramble at St. Bartholomews.

It has generally been held that hospitals exist for the cure, not the cause, of injuries. St. Bartholomew's, it would seem, lends itself to both. The custom exists, it appears, for outpatients to assemble outside the dispensary, and, as soon as the door is open, to scramble for seats.

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One result of this diurnal scramble a few days ago was, that a woman, in attempting to get over a seat, fell to the floor and injured her leg, the injury accelerating, if not actually causing, death.

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The very possibility of such a state of things is little short of scandalous. And the measures which should have been taken to prevent anything of the kind happening, and which ought to be taken now, are too obvious to need specifying.

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Magistrate's Sweeping Indictment.

"I regret to say," observed by Mr. Bros, the Clerkenwell magistrate, recently, "that boys nowadays are thoroughly dishonest." It's a sweeping indictment, but there's plenty of reason, unfortunately, to admit its substantial correctness.

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What is the cause of this moral decadence? If our system of popular education be not responsible as actively producing, it certainly is as failing to correct and deter. Far too much attention is bestowed upon the "'ologies" side of school instruction, and far too little on the ethical.

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And what is the use, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, of all this elaborate cramming? It in no way tends to proficiency in stone-breaking or in the hygienic treatment of roads, though it may facilitate access to correctional oakum-picking. It has no depth, no permanence. It converts the boy into a sort of parrot, with this difference in favour of the ornithological specimen—the parrot retains what it learns, and the boy doesn't.

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Yes, there's something decidedly rotten in the state of our educational Denmark.

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Allegations Against a Judge.

Not in the matter of the Olympic Games alone are the Americans forging ahead of us just now. To make no mention of strikes, in which a facile use of the revolver produces results that give our own industrial troubles an appearance of child's play, there is that little affair of Judge Archibald, of the Commerce Court, against whom articles of impeachment have been adopted almost unanimously by the House of Representatives, owing to alleged bribe-taking on his part in connection with cases decided by him.

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We don't like our Transatlantic kinsmen to get too much in front of us in the world of sport, but in these other matters we prefer to be what we are—a very bad second indeed. You will have to go a long way, and a longer time, in England, before you find a man, holding a position analogous to Judge Archibald's, against whom it can be alleged that, for filthy lucre's sake, he has betrayed Truth and prostituted Justice.

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Guardians and Tram Fares.

It is not often that Union Guardians ere on the side of humanity; and when an instance of this does occur, we hail it with instant approval. Consequently we have a good word to say for the Camberwell Guardians.

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It appears that certain Camberwell paupers have been "boarded out" in the St. George's-in-the-East Union Workhouse; and it has been decided that these venerable people are to have their tram fares paid when visiting their friends in South London.

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Bravo! Gentlemen of the Camberwell Board. This is, at any rate, a step in the right direction!

A "nice point" in chivalry is vexing the brain of the Earl of Lonsdale, in his capacity of Knight Martial of the recent "Tourney" at Earl's Court. It appears that Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, who was to have met the Duke of Marlborough in a friendly "joust," felt too fatigued by previous exertions at polo, and passed on his jousting engagement to his brother, Captain the Hon. Frederick Guest.

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The Vanquished Duke.

This latter doughty knight vanquished the Duke of Marlborough; but nothing short of consternation reigned when the spectators realised that the victor was not Lord Ashby St. Ledgers. Now, the question that puzzles my Lord of Lonsdale is whether Lord St. Ledgers or the Duke of Marlborough is the winner. We are only ink-slingers, and unversed in the lore of the joust and tourney; but somehow it strikes us that neither of them won. We have a faint idea that the gallant captain came off best. Anyhow, the world will still go on revolving on its axis, whatever the decision may be.

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Compensation for Dog Bite.

Mrs. Aiken Smeath, of the Lawn, Woodchester, is no doubt a most estimable lady, but logic would not appear to be her strongest point. Nor does she seem to have any adequate idea of the correct perspective of compensation.

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Quite recently a dog of hers bit a man rather severely. He was only an ordinary kind of man, just an everyday sort of chap, who had to work for his living, and that presumably was why Mrs. Aiken Sneath, with prodigal generosity, offered him the munificent sum of fourpence-halfpenny, by way of compensation for damage done to trousers, not to mention dog-bites that necessitated hospital treatment.

* * *

Adding Insult to Injury.

Naturally enough, he objected that such a sum fell a trifle short of what he had every right and reason to expect, but the only satisfaction he got was the somewhat unconvincing statement that, if he had been better dressed the dog would not have bitten him! Does Mrs. Aiken Sneath suppose that, as long as she chooses to keep such a preternaturally discriminating animal, it is incumbent on people in her vicinity to wear out their Sunday-go-to-meetings before their time?

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The object of her intelligent canine's resentment made several efforts to obtain satisfaction from her, until at last he was informed by her servant that if he called again the police would be communicated with. Insult supplementing injury, with a vengeance! Some people long for the Millennium, yet do their level best to delay its advent.

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However, it's just on the cards that we haven't heard the last of Mrs. Aiken Sneath, and her dear ikkle doggie.

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"Weaker Vessel" and the Tax.

Another injustice to woman!—from the Suffragette's point of view. And Mr. Lloyd George is the culprit. By requiring a weekly contribution of only sixpence to insure her against sickness, whereas he demands sevenpence for the mere male, he would seem to suggest that the latter has a somewhat higher value, commercially and industrially, than the "weaker vessel" has.

What are Mrs. Pankhurst's views on the subject. And those of the charming if elusive Christabel? Surely they will not allow to pass, unchallenged, uncontradicted, and uncondemned, so positive a sanction to the "brutal" doctrine of sex inequality.

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Ex-Naval Instructor's Handgrip.

The man with the strong hand is a being to avoid. His grip at the best of times, even when he has no intention of putting on pressure, means torment to digits that are delicate. When he's right-down thoughtless—or, worse still, designedly cruel—the consequences are apt to be unpleasant, even to himself.

They were so, at any rate, in the case of William Slade, ex-Naval instructor, and now licensee of a house of refreshment for man and beast, yclept Ye Oddfellows Arms. He gripped the hand of a customer in the act of paying for a glass of beer—for what reason, this deponent cannot say, unless perchance it be that the customer's name was Moses Jacobs—and squeezed it until the victim shrieked w the hand being injured to such an extent that he h to the infirmary and was unable to follow his emp

It was a sympathetic judge who heard the ca resulted. He said he'd had some, and knew all No doubt that knowledge and experience had mu with his awarding the plaintiff £10 damages. A f calls like that on Mr. William Slades' exchequer, handshakes will rival those of a Society dame.

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Defying the Insurance Act.

The "Daily Express" is singing pæans of praise a exploits of a lady rejoicing in the pretty name of M tima Robinson-Guppy. This dame's chief claim to talisation of the columns of the "Daily Express" is has dismissed a retinue consisting of:—

The lady tutor, Two gardeners,
The cook, The coachman, an
Two housemaids, An odd-job man,

and has undertaken the entire work of a nineteen house herself. This, be it understood and justly ated at once, is solely in order to defy the Insura Beginning at five o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Septi works steadily until 10 p.m., watering horses, ga doing the housework, cooking, and attending to a year-old niece.

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Absolute Foolishness.

This modern heroine hopes to "last out" at leas night, when she will probably get casual labour, fo determined not to pay the tax. Doubtless Mrs. Robinson-Guppy knows her own business best; undergo all those hardships to spite the Governmen about 2s. 4d. per week inclusive, savours to us of foolishness.

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Landlords and Rats.

It was all very well for the North London Magis say "Kill the rodents and pay the rent," to a wom objected to settling with her landlord because the "swarmed with rats." Rat-extermination on an ex scale is more easily suggested than converted into complished achievement. And when houses are o with rodents, the fact is generally due to some cause the landlord should rectify, and which the tenant The wisdom of Solomon does not always perme utterances of the magistracy.

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Britons in Germany.

More espionage at Swinemunde, only this time difference, and an illuminating one. A bank clerk a son from Poland (who, by the way, were both Germa jects) were recently arrested at Swinemunde, for the German mind, sufficient reason that they spoke G with a foreign accent, and carried cameras. The was that they were suspected to be spies. Both, ho were released after examination.

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This is where the illumination comes in. There doubt whatever, that had those unfortunate gentry Britishers, a long trial would have ensued, probab sulting in lengthy terms of arduous imprisonment for In other words, knowing full well their own intentio wards this country, the Germans cannot help imputin same designs to us. To be a Briton in Germany and a camera is about as dangerous as breaking a jew shop window and stealing valuables therefrom in Street at 3 p.m.

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Blackpool and Postcards.

Blackpool leads the way! Some little time ago, o recommendation of the chief constable, a local comm were appointed for the purpose of checking the sa obscene and suggestive picture postcards, and an impo step has been taken in regard to this very nece censorship.

It was decided at a recent meeting to confer with retail traders in the town and the outcome of the co ence was the decision that all picture postcards to be o for sale should, in the first instance, be submitted to committee for their approval.

A circular followed, intimating that prompt action w be taken against anyone displaying condemned postc and the Chief Constable has been supplied with copie those which have been wholly rejected, and of those

he Committee consider may be sold until the existing exhausted.

excellent! But why the distinction? The post- hat may continue to be sold for a time are either l or they are not. If immoral, they ought to be sed at once; if not, their sale should be permitted as there is any demand for them. In the mani- n of wisdom, Chief Constables and local Committees always as consistently luminous as we should like be.

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aman and Margarine.

e of £40, with 12s. 6d. costs, is surely altogether too a penalty to inflict upon a man because, without his dge, his shopman sells two ounces of margarine as butter." Yet it was inflicted, in such circumstances, er day.

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months' hard labour for knowingly selling corned nfit for human consumption, accords much more with our notions of the eternal fitness of things. curiously enough, in the latter case it seemed to be quite as a matter of course that the meat could have ld as poultry food, for which purpose the accused was to have bought it, without contravening any law he sun.

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f, by "unfit for human consumption," is meant "dis- oducing," would it not produce disease in poultry nd might there not be danger of the diseased birds, converted into food, infecting human beings as well? indeed be true that the law is really a "hass" after

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-Hall Manager's Suicide.

e have been few more tragic happenings, at any rate, years, than the suicide of Mr. Dundas Slater, the own music-hall manager, in a taxi-cab between Lud- ill and Charing Cross Hospital. A note left by the nate gentleman pointed clearly to his having taken through financial worries.

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he inquest, witnesses connected with the Coliseum, ene of the deceased's late activities, seemed unwill- state whether Mr. Slater had been dismissed or had resigned. It was finally elicited, however, that he en dismissed.

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e was known to be in poor health, and none too sound ally, it admits of question whether Mr. Oswald Stoll, Coliseum, was acting over-humanely in discharging of Mr. Slater's value at that juncture.

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as stated that Mr. Stoll was projecting a "benefit" mance for Mr. Slater; but that the latter did not know s. All we can say is that it is a pity that Mr. Stoll did form him.

* * *

ers and Starving Wives.

dock strikers have appealed incessantly to the public half of their starving wives and children, and many appeals have been made by others, evoking a response some cases from quarters supposed to be inimical to democracy—that should have been as gratifying as it enerous.

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d the strikers have shown their appreciation, not only altreating "blacklegs," and terrifying "blacklegs'" en and wives, but also by such senseless, despicable ct as that which characterised the 165 who marched in ssion to Stepney Workhouse, and, being admitted, the whole night hideous with an uproar that prevented *ona-fide* inmates from getting any sleep, and frightened of the old people nearly to death.

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tead of spouting melodrama on Tower Hill, the irre- ible Ben Tillett would have been far better employed hrising his dupes to play the man, and thus win respect themselves as well as sympathy for their wives and ren.

* * *

er Too Late to Mend.

ll, it's never too late to mend, Benjamin; a truism h has been pointed out to malcontents even more harm- than you have proved yourself to be; and by which, in e cases, they have profited.

THE MODERN MAN.

No, 3.—MR. F. E. SMITH.

Adored by the younger Unionists, and, politically, detested by Liberals, whether in their infancy, prime, or dotage, Mr. F. E. Smith can always fill the House of Commons, for he has a way with him. It is not exactly a "winning way," nor a Winston way, but he wins all the same.

An Imperial Future.

Seven years ago he was a mere Northern circuit barrister, with a local Liverpool reputation and an Oxford past.

Now he is a K.C., a leader of the Unionist party, with an Imperial future. His enemies attribute his success to that most ancient quality, modernly known as "swank," but impartial observers know that below his supercilious superfices, and his passion for epigram, which inevitably lands him into exaggerations, there is sound learning and a brilliant brain.

It is said that when he and Sir John Simon were at Oxford together they tossed up for choice of political parties, for they recognised that there was no room in the same party for two such clever young men. It was fortunate for the Unionists that the coin decided that "F. E." should devote his talents to Conservatism, for he is its chief hope of the future.

Speeches Invariably Hurt.

No one else can arouse the young Conservatives as he; no one else can lash Liberals into a luxurious foam with such ease. His closest personal friend, Mr. Churchill, has said that Mr. Smith's speeches are invariably vulgar, which means that they invariably hurt, and, in politics, hurting one's opponents is the surest way of pleasing one's friends.

The Smithsian voice is musical and sonorous, and can take on inflections of cutting sarcasm; the Smithsian face is long and logical, smiles infrequently, and never sweetly, at least, not in public life. He can make more debating points in a quarter of an hour than any other man in the House, and he always gets up his "brief" thoroughly.

No political case is so good that it cannot be made to look very bad, and Mr. F. E. Smith is an adept at the art of finding the particular angle from which all Liberal legislation looks as though it ought to be killed at sight.

Creating a Prejudice.

He can create an atmosphere of prejudice in a few carefully chosen phrases—a gift which serves him equally well in the place of law makers, or that of law breakers and fakers; and he is in great demand on behalf of people who wish a case to be scorned, sneered and flouted out of court.

But if his forte is in evoking hostility to the things he opposes, he can also arouse sympathy where it is needed. His speech for the defence of Miss Le Neve was a little gem of pathetic special pleading. The dialectical duel, however, is his chief delight. He makes no pretence of wearing buttons on his foil. He hits to wound, and he takes the hits in return with a pretty good grace.

The Ladder of Fame.

Audacious, keen, ambitious, sardonic, vitriolic, histrionic, lucid, long-headed, and socially desirable, F. E. Smith will go a long way up the ladder of fame, and carry some of his brothers with him.

Lord Alverstone and Flogging.

The Lord Chief Justice evidently means to keep pegging away. First at the Kent Assizes, and then at the Sussex, his Lordship declared he had long been of opinion that flogging is the only cure which can be resorted to nowadays in the case of aggravated assaults on young persons and children.

* * *

The sentiments of *Modern Man* precisely; except, perhaps, that we might go a step further, and say we deplore the fact that, where such cases are in question, the even more effectively deterrent methods of the Middle Ages were ever allowed to fall into abeyance.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. I.—PROSING'S, HIGH HOLBORN.

By
ADAM STE
Author of the Selby
which proved so pop
"Modern Man

Six feet two of humanity paused in the crowded thoroughfare of High Holborn and gazed across the road at Prosing's, the celebrated Emporium, bulking hugely amongst its lesser brethren, a colossal, many-windowed place, with a constant stream of customers flowing in and out of its doors.

"Looks moderately enterprising," mused Dunlop Kane. "May as well get a job there as anywhere else, I fancy!"

He negotiated the traffic, and in a minute was in the Emporium, embarked on a tour of the various departments, with the easy, almost insolent, deliberation which characterised most of his doings.

For nearly an hour he wandered thus, unquestioned, and, as he thought, unobserved, and then finally, with his appetite for discovery satisfied, he accosted an immaculate looking shopwalker, pleasantly asking him:

"Say, old chap, where can I find Mr. Prosing?"

The immaculate looking shopwalker looked him fastidiously up and down. He saw a slouched, rakish hat, merry blue eyes, shabby clothes of a sort of rough serviceableness, and countrified dusty boots. He felt wounded by the familiarity of the "old chap."

"Mr. Prosing can't be seen except by special appointment," he responded stiffly. "Who are you? What is your business?"

"I might be his gardener, for all you know. Or possibly his first wife's brother-in-law. Or it's just as likely that I'm an American millionaire. But go and tell him that Mr. Dunlop Kane, from the county of Sussex, would like to see him. It will be all right."

"From the county of Sussex, sir?" The circumstance clearly impressed the shopwalker, though on reflecting on the matter afterwards he was unable to understand why.

"Correct," said Dunlop Kane.

"Well, you'd better wait here a minute. I'll go and inquire if Mr. Prosing is disengaged."

Presently he was back again, with a deferential request for the visitor to follow him. They ascended by a lift, and paused at a door at the end of a thickly carpeted passage. The shopwalker timidly knocked. A moment later the visitor strode into the presence.

"Mornin'," he said cheerfully.

Mr. Prosing was a sleek-faced gentleman of fifty—almost too conspicuously a gentleman—with a careful absence of all jewellery, with small sharp eyes, and a wide mouth of exceeding benevolence. He had a look of expectant interest on his face, but it changed to inquisitive annoyance on perceiving the apparent "commonness" of the caller.

"You wished to see *me?*" he demanded.

"Yourself, Mr. Prosing. And not to waste your time, I assure you."

"Business?"

"Most certainly!"

"Be seated, then. My time is exceedingly valuable, I may tell you. So cut it short."

"You'll never spend your time more profitably than you're going to in the next five minutes. You're wanting to buy brains in this establishment, I take it?"

"Brains?" said Mr. Prosing, suspiciously. "Whose brains?"

"Anyone's that are good—my own, for example. I've been touring your premises. I've formed a few conclusions. There's plenty of brains gone to the building up of this concern, Mr. Prosing, but there's room for more. I'm here with a supply?"

"Are you asking me for a job?" demanded Mr. Prosing unpleasantly.

"Something like that," said Dunlop Kane easily. "A field for my abilities would be a better way of expressing it."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Prosing, on a most discouraging note of irony.

"Brains," continued Dunlop Kane, "are a commodity that every business man should be interested in. They're raw material—they're dividends in embryo. Agree with me in this proposition: for every extra thousand profit a man could make for you, you'd willingly pay him four hundred. Pounds or shillings! The ratio's equitable—three points to the employer and two to the [illegible]. To go farther——"

"Excuse me, young feller," cut in Mr. Prosing, tically, "are you trying to be funny?"

"Not at all," said Dunlop Kane sincerely; putting my goods in the shop-window. If they attractive of custom you're at liberty to fire premises."

"I'm going to," said Mr. Prosing. "Or, at going to summon one or two subordinates to for me. But before you go, young man, let you with a little advice. Don't come your mode of hustle on firms of established standing—like it. Drop that high hand of yours; and home and borrow a shovel and bury the letter feet of earth."

"Misfired!" said Dunlop Kane philosophically originality's usually unpopular to start with," good-humouredly smiling. He did not get up, Prosing's hand was hovering over a bell. "I something for nothing—so here's a stray idea in your advice. Put females to serve in your men ments and men to serve in your women's de There's a magnetism in sex—no business man s sight of it. You'll fill your stores—you'll soon of the town!"

"Look here, sir," said Mr. Prosing, with instinctive severity, "for twenty-five years and propriety have been synonymous."

"Tut!" said Dunlop Kane; "there's no in in a gentleman travelling in *lingerie*. And t designer of modes. All form and line—impossib a study of anatomy. Why, you yourself, si direction—have you not some reputation?"

"That will do," said Mr. Prosing, icily. But left the bell, and began a gentle thrumming on "And your other ideas?" he said, as though i to him casually.

"At your service, in return for your und employ me."

"What previous experience have you had?"

"None whatever. I've never worked before I'm about to start."

"You have references, of course?"

"One only—from a big-wig of the Church—r enough to satisfy anybody." He passed over and Mr. Prosing, after reading it, glanced sharp under his eyelids.

"You are a man of family, then?"

"I was," said Dunlop Kane.

"The Bishop does not state *which* family."

"At my own request. The detail is quite super

"Well," said Mr. Prosing, and for a moment sidered. For some subtle reason he wanted, to Kane.

There crept into his eyes a gleam of malicious

"I'll take you on," he said, "but you'll have at the bottom, like the rest."

"Good!" said Kane, with a kind of imp difference. "And the duties?"

Mr. Prosing thought.

"There's room for improvement in the athleti ment," said Kane, as a parenthetic suggestion. 'Prosing Exerciser' might be boosted into fa shut off one corner, curtain it round with red plush and have a demonstration several times a day b developed man—sandalled, and with a tiger-skin him—*you* know the sort of thing. The ladies simply flock to it!"

"Jove!" said Mr. Prosing—then he recolle propriety of Prosing's. "We have other things he said, icily, "than turn the shop into a variety

"Perhaps," said Dunlop Kane. "And, again, not. Perhaps there's a big idea in that sche money too. A variety show under the guise of bus

Mr. Prosing said, "*You* look big enough. Y shall give that demonstration you speak of!"

(To be continued.)

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

THE GAMEY ROOSTER AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

he Great American Eagle has given screaming a rest lately, in favour of attuning its voice to the classic notes are wont to associate with that other well-known bird Uncle Sam—the barnyard rooster. The Americans, ng come out on top in the Olympic Games, seemingly t make enough of themselves, nor too little of others.

ne Discounting Required.

hey have every justification to crow, of course. Their knolm performance has indeed been a notable one, and have no excessive reason to be proud of our own. Yet Yankee presentment of the case requires discounting. United States, 23; Great Britain, 7," is a somewhat eading way of tabulating the wins. What is meant by ited States"? And why are not the South African, adian and Australian victories added to those of Great ain in making up the total of British successes? It ainly should be so if all the cosmopolitan 23 claimed Americans are to be credited to the United States; and, revised, the figures would be 23 to 16, a considerable action in the disparity.

ut a still closer adjustment ought really to be effected. he main, the representatives of the British Empire were vn from its Anglo-Celtic element; the Anglo-Celtic ent in the United States, however, was far from supply- the entire American representation. Red Indians from Reservations and the natives of Pacific islands were ible for inclusion in the Yankee team. Indeed, it was awaiian who won for America the 100 metres (free style) nming event, while it was only in the person of an an the Americans made a show at all in distance running. Hindoos, and Kaffirs, and Australian Aborigines, and adian Redskins, with a Hong-Kong Chinaman or two wn in, had taken part in the Olympic Games, we should approximated in "British" representation to the hetero- eous crowd labelled "American," and very possibly itish" successes would have been far more numerous. should have been pretty certain, for one thing, of pulling he boomerang-throwing event.

gest anything but Anglo-Celticism. They indicate Con- ntal origins, and quite possibly some of the owners were even born in America. But Uncle Sam doesn't care durned red cent" about that. Take up your abode eath the Stars and Stripes, no matter who you are or re you're from, and he will claim your achievements as e of an "Amurrican."

nner of the Marathon.

hat being so, with how much more reason should not Arthur, for example, the winner of the Marathon race, ccounted a Britisher. He is a constable in the Transvaal ce, but was born in County Antrim, Ireland. If that sn't make him a Better Britisher than birth and residence Hawaii, not to mention Hawaiian ancestry, makes a man ank, then we shall have to revise our notions of race, country, and lineage.

ll things considered, therefore, our cousins across the ing pond haven't quite so much to brag about as is gested by "United States, 23; Great Britain, 7." A little ple analysis somewhat reduces the former figure, and tly augments the latter, thus bringing about some roximation to equality.

is when we turn to Sweden's fine performance that we e serious cause to be dissatisfied with our own achieve- uts in the Stadium. Thirteen wins against Great Britain's en! Even when we pit against the thirteen the successes he British Empire as a whole, the majority of three thus ained does not afford us a superabundance of satisfac- when we compare the Empire's teeming millions with sparse population of Eastern Scandinavia. Nor is such onsideration much more flattering to the top-o'-the-tree ericans than to us.

t 'em "Wait and See."

here's no denying the fact—we've allowed ourselves to ome lamentably slack. The American sporting Press gests that we're played out, effete, a back number among nations that produce athletes, and that "Ichabod" should written across our frontals. We won't resent the gibe, ause, although it isn't true, we know that we've deserved We've had our lesson, and the Berlin Olympic Games 916 will show that we've profited by it. Let our crowing nkee cousins "wait and see!"

A. J. H.

EDUCATIONAL FUTILITIES.

WHAT IS REALLY WRONG WITH OUR SCHOOLS.

The aim of elementary education should be to prepare the child for his entry into the world. It is not necessary for him to be educated in the academic sense. For instance, it is not vitally necessary for him to know the heights of the mountains of South America in feet and inches, or the precise lengths of the rivers of India.

It is, however, necessary to fit him for citizenship, and to teach him to look upon education as a desirable thing.

Tendency of Present Methods.

The best education after all is that which a man gives himself, and the object aimed at during the few years he spends at school should be to give him the nucleus of an education. To familiarise him with the sources of knowledge and to teach him, as it were, to teach himself so that when he leaves school he may have both the desire and the equipment to set about acquiring knowledge for himself. He should be taught to make reading a habit and to look upon learning as an instrument of pleasure rather than as a source of boredom.

But the present methods tend to make the acquisition of knowledge a hateful thing to the child.

He drops education gladly as soon as he leaves school, and for the rest of his life looks upon it with dislike.

Instead of making the acquisition of knowledge an intellectual pastime, the whole idea seems to be to construct laboriously a fabric of rote learning. Half our educational methods are stark mnemonic. Then again, much valuable time is wasted in subjects in which it is hard to see the slightest utility.

Elaborate Juggling with Words.

In English grammar, for instance, there are incredible exercises called parsing and analysis, in which children go through an elaborate jugglery with words. Children who cannot write a concise, grammatically correct letter are taught to do all kinds of things with the language except write it correctly.

Then in many schools much time is spent in clay modelling (this, I believe, is called Art) in which children are taught to torture honest pieces of clay into misshapen representations of natural objects.

It is heart-breaking to see the children, intelligent and eager for knowledge, wasting their time on mere mental gymnastics and foolish trifling with unnecessary things, for it is that which kills the desire for knowledge which is inherent in every child. The basis of all learning is the desire for information, and this all children possess. Sensible educational methods intelligently followed would foster this love of learning by making education attractive to the child-mind instead of making it a source of boredom, as it undoubtedly is to the average child.

Too Stereotyped a Fashion.

Another mistake is made in treating children as parts of a whole instead of treating them as individual units and fostering their special aptitudes. Children are turned out after a stereotyped fashion, like the links of a chain. No provision is made for fostering natural aptitudes or special bias. Of course, the teachers are not to blame. Considering the classes they have to control, and other limitations, they are a wonderfully efficient body. They do the work they have to do thoroughly, even enthusiastically, but much of it is misdirected effort. This is hard on the teacher, but harder still on the child.

When he leaves school and goes out into the world his preparation is absurdly inadequate. He has very little really useful knowledge, and, moreover, he has no desire to begin that self-education which is, after all, the most valuable education.

F. B.

An interesting magazine for the horticulturist and farmer is *The Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review*," edited by Mr. E. O. Greening. It is profusely illustrated, and the subscription is 5s. per annum. The publishing office is 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.

MUM'S THE WORD.

A Scottish parson, still on the under side of forty, was driving home from an outlying hamlet, when he overtook a young woman. He recognised her as the maid-of-all-work at a farm which he would pass, so he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary gladly accepted his offer, and they chatted pleasantly all the way to the farm gate.

"Thank you, sir," she said, as she got down.

"Don't mention it, Mary. Don't mention it," he told her, politely.

"No, I won't," Mary obligingly assured him.

* * *

Simpkins: You say that little man was formerly the light-weight champion? Timpkins: Yes. Simpkins: How did he lose the title? Timpkins: Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery business and retired.

* * *

Wife: I've invited one of my old beaux to dinner. Do you mind?

Husband: Mind! Heavens, no! I always love to associate with lucky people.

* * *

Bridget (surveying the cut-glass loving cup recently presented to her master): Look at thim handles on th' pitcher. They know if Oi break one of thim handles they'll have two left, and if Oi break two they'll have one left, so they'll always have one. They will, will they? I'm not so sure about that.

* * *

TIGHT BUT TACTFUL.

Boffin had preceded the milkman by just two hours.

"Well!" exclaimed the wife of his bosom, sitting up in bed, "this is a nice time to come home! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"'Sawlri; my dear, don't scold," replied the reveller, taking off his boots and placing them carefully on the mantelpiece. "Couldn't—hic!—gerraway a moment sooner. had t'rific argument at the lodge."

"Terrific fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. B., scornfully.

"Fac' my' dear, I 'shure you! Whadcher think? Ev'ry f'ler there to-ni' was in it. Queshun was—hic—which f'ler had mosh amiable an' beautiful wife—hic! I beat the blooming lot! I deshcribed your—hic—lig—liquid eyesh, shim—hic—shimmerin' hair, pearly lips—no—hic—teeth—lipsh like cherries, compleshun milk an'—hic—rosesh—an' —an'—angelic temper. Offered to fight 'em all round if they didn' admit it. They did, though, an'—an' here I am, late, certn'ly—late—hic—but victorioush—hic! Made them feel shmall after my speech, I 'shure you. Finesht woman in wide—hic—worl'!"

"Oh, Josiah, dear," cried Mrs. B., smiling like a triple-expansion aurora borealis. "What a sad, bad boy you are, to be sure! Let me help you off with your coat, love!"

* * *

Van Tromp, to indicate that he would sweep the English navy from the seas, hoisted a broom at the masthead of his ship. To repel this insolence the English admiral hoisted a horse-whip, indicating his intention to chastise the Dutch. The pennant, which symbolised the horse-whip, has ever since been the distinguishing mark of ships of war.

* * *

FOURPENCE FOR THE TILL.

A rummage sale was proceeding at a certain country church a short time ago, and a local magnate shed the light of his countenance upon the assemblage.

Immediately upon his arrival he was called upon to assist with the work of propping up a stall which showed imminent signs of collapsing.

He placed his shining tall hat on an adjacent stall, and went to the rescue. Soon it was accomplished, and the magnate returned to the stall where he had left his hat. It could not be found, and he blandly inquired of the young lady in charge as to what had become of it.

"Oh, dear me," said that young person, "was that your hat? I've just sold it for *fourpence*!"

* * *

"Begorra," said Patsy, "Oi couldn't pay me five shillin's foine, and Oi had to go to jail for six days."

"An' how much did yez spend to get drunk?" asked Mike, rather sarcastically.

"Oh, 'bout foive shillin's."

"Yez fool, if yez had not spent yez five shillin's for drink yez'd 'a' had yer five shillin's to pay yer foine wid."

BIG AND LITTLE BOOKS.

The biggest book in existence is supposed to b of the Koran transcribed by Gholam Mohgoodeen. foot thick, and measures five feet by three, and t acters are described as three inches long. It was th of six years. As a set-off to the above we might that the Iliad was once written on vellum so sma nutshell contained it; and an Italian monk wrote and Gospels in the compass of a farthing; whil Elizabeth was presented with a piece of paper as a finger nail, but containing the Decalogue, C Lord's Prayer.

* * *

Hubbie: My dear, if I cannot leave the office in dinner to-night I will send you a note by a messen

Wifie: You need not go to that expense, Georg have already found the note in your coat pocket.

* * *

Willie: And so you quarrelled? Charlie: Yes; back all my presents, and what do you suppose Willie: Can't guess. Charlie: I sent her half boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that about that much home on my coat since I'd known

* * *

"Can a married man acquire happiness?"

"Certainly! You don't think that bachelors are ones that die, do you?"

* * *

"MAJESTY'S" FIRST USE.

The title of "Majesty" was first given to Loui France. Before his time the sovereigns of Europe merely styled "Highness" or "Grace." In Henry IV. received the title of "Grace"; Henry VI "Excellent Grace"; Edward IV. that of "High and Prince"; Henry VII. was styled "Highness"; Hen "Majesty," and was the first and last who was styled Sovereign"; James I. was called "Sacred," or Excellent Majesty."

* * *

"You thoroughly understand carpentry?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can make doors, windows and blinds?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The man scratched his head and thought deeply seconds. "I should think, sir," he said finally, "a best way would be to punch him in the eye."

* * *

The first pendulum clock made in England w structed in the year 1622 by Fromantel, a Du Repeating clocks and watches were invented abo Until about 1631 neither clocks nor watches we general.

* * *

Employer: Shortleigh writes me that you insul when you called at his office yesterday.

Collector: Well, I'll tell you how it happened.

Employer (interrupting): Did he pay up?

Collector: No, sir.

Employer: Well, never mind the rest of the expl

* * *

SILENCING ATTENDANT.

Some of the inmates of an asylum were engaged ing wood, and an attendant thought that one old m appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not show for his labour.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered th The old man had turned the saw upside down, with t in the air, and was working away with the back of t

"Here, I say, Jones," remarked the attendant, "W you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that Turn the saw over."

The old man paused and stared at the attendant. you ever try to saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant, "of course, I h

"Then hold thy noise, man," was the instant reply. tried both ways, and"—impressively—"this is easie

* * *

Mrs. Exe: I can always tell when my husband h drinking the moment he kisses me.

Mrs. Wye: And I can always tell when mine h drinking by his not kissing me.

LONDON DISGRACE SPOTS.

THROWING FEARLESS LIGHT ON APPALLING EVILS.

NO. 1.—WEST END MUSIC HALLS.

It is a very prevalent custom among an unhappily very wide section of the British nation, to deny stoutly the existence of any vice in this country. It is just the type of person whose words would carry most weight in the denunciation of such evils as we are going to expose, who shuts his eyes most resolutely to the state of affairs.

Clergymen and their Fears.

Few clergymen would dare to raise their voices in warning to the nation. They would be far too afraid of losing the snug livings which they enjoy for deluding their congregations into the belief that, in England at any rate, every man is a saint and every woman an angel. Now and again a bishop, bolder than his peers, speaks ominously of the deplorable growth of vice—especially in London—but what happens? He is ignored by the older, more stolid newspapers, and reported frivolously by the sorry wags on the journals of the lighter modern type.

Possibly he is given some deliciously humorous nickname, which becomes a "catch phrase," with the result that he is looked upon by the bulk of the public as a harmless lunatic —a reputation which those who batten on corruption are at the greatest pains to foster.

Modern Man, however, has no such qualms. We exist not only to entertain, but to do as much actual good as lies in our power; and we are going to lay bare festering growths at the very heart of London social life.

Latitude in the "Promenade."

We are now referring to two very famous West End music-halls, whose "promenades" are the nightly haunt of painted and bedizened women. The sole reason for the women's presence at these places is that they enjoy far greater freedom and convenience in contracting lucrative male acquaintanceships than they would in the streets. There they are under the eagle eye of the constable, for whom even a sideways glance at a man on a woman's part will often suffice for a charge of solicitation.

We cannot give too high praise to the success of the managers of the houses in question in their efforts to provide high-class and refined attractions for the play-going public.

But we suggest—and suggest with the utmost earnestness—that the gentlemen who are responsible for the direction and business-management of the two halls under discussion, that they have not yet given sufficient consideration to the deplorable state of affairs that is the main *raison dêtre* of this article.

It is in those gentlemen's power to put a definite stop to this scandal; and, knowing them as we do, we have no doubt that when they have read this article, they will take immediate action on the lines we advocate below.

There is far more latitude in the promenade than the street. Smiles, shy remarks about the excellence or the delightful humour of the "turn" in progress, as "Isn't it *awfully* hot?" to hint for a drink in the palm lounge,—all these things are open to such women in the theatre.

Good Supply of Money.

Moreover, in the street, a great percentage of the male wayfarers will be business men, or others, who have some work to do—men who will be either too busy or possessed of too much worldly wisdom to respond to the meretricious feminine lures held out to them.

At an expensive music-hall, on the other hand, the male patrons fulfil three excellent requirements from these women's point of view. Nine out of ten of them are young, all are in the contented, indulgent, and consequently unguarded state that accompanies mental relaxation or enjoyment, and most are provided with a good supply of money, even though they may not be really wealthy men. In a word, they are the very type that the harpies want.

We say here, in all seriousness, that in the interests—not so much of the public *morality*, for we are not agitators of the prurient, grandmotherly type—but of the public safety, that these West End music-hall promenades have become dens of iniquity, which should undeniably be purged, immediately and with the utmost rigour, of their disgraceful characteristics.

It would be very easy to stipulate that no woman should be admitted unless accompanied by a man—a rule which obtains in some West End bars—and further that no woman should be allowed to stand.

It is not only on account of the vicious aspect that we are agitating against this abuse of West End music-halls. We say emphatically, and without fear of contradiction—for this would be impossible—that countless innocent youngsters are ruined every year, because they went to a hall of the kind and were fools enough to moon about the promenade, instead of remaining in the seat that they had paid for.

Foreigners Laugh at Folly.

This is what happens every day, or rather, every night:—

A chuckle-headed youth of the type in question, possibly just out of school, gets into conversation with some cleverly persuasive girl, and is idiot enough to walk out of the theatre with her, after the show. As soon as he gets outside he is accosted, in a spot where there are not too many people about, by a truculent-looking rascal, generally flashily dressed and often, by the way, a foreigner, who fiercely asks him: "What he is doing with that woman?"

He, like a callow ass, flares up and asks: "What the dickens it has to do with the new-comer, anyhow?" and is promptly informed that the woman is the latter's wife—which, of course, she is not. It is not a credit to the injured "husband's" highness of soul that he should suggest pecuniary satisfaction; but he does, and the poor cuckoo goes away sadly, with every feather plucked off him, and leaving a painted female and a foul thing in trousers that cannot be called a man, laughing evilly at his folly.

Worse still, if in the course of blissful talk in the promenade, "she" has artfully contrived to get him to tell her who and where his "people" are, he will undoubtedly be blackmailed heavily for a long time after. He will be afraid to tell his "people," and even if he does, they will often submit to extortion, for fear of a scandal.

Should be Abolished by Law.

And, even were it not for the dangers we have outlined, the presence of unfortunates in music-halls should be summarily abolished by law; for it is nothing short of a disgrace that reputable women, even though with male escorts, should have, in passing to and from their seats, to rub shoulders with painted traffickers in vice.

Further, the presence of unfortunates in the cheaper promenades of the two halls in question (for there are more than one "parade" of the kind) constitutes an undoubted danger to the more or less impecunious youngsters who frequent, say, the half-crown circle.

They are of a different type, naturally, to the patrons of the more dressy promenade. The majority of them are young clerks bent on "seeing life" (sic); and hardly one of them has more than a few shillings on him. Thus it is easy to realise the temptations to which such poor youths are subjected. With little or no knowledge of the world they are easily fascinated by plausible young women who make a great show of magnanimity by declaring that they will make them generous concessions, from a financial point of view, for their sorry companionship. The youngster has no money; so he makes an appointment for the next day, when he declares he will have some.

A Young Clerk's Downfall.

There was a pitiful case, not long ago, of a seventeen-year-old clerk who had been systematically abstracting his firm's petty cash, for the benefit of a girl whom he had met at a West-End music-hall.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

28.—A MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

Crime has its class distinctions, just the same as Society has, and the lines of division between caste and caste are quite as sharply drawn among "criminal" practitioners as they are among professional and business men generally.

Proud of His Wits.

Although my own record as a swindler is essentially that of a general practitioner, not that of a specialist in any one branch, or any few branches, I was always sensible of this caste feeling. I never conceded terms of equality to burglars, house-breakers, garroters or other robbers "with violence," or any manual workers of that sort.

It was my ambition from the beginning, and it became my pride, to live on my wits. Mine was essentially brain work. On the very rare occasions when I descended to lower forms of crime than swindling pure and simple, I always brought mentality to bear, did the job on new and original lines—added, in conception and contrivance, the exercise of brain power to the exercise of merely "skill and dexterity."

For instance, when I looted the house of the richest retired tradesman in a whole colony of retired tradesmen, I carried out the whole thing in the most gentlemanly, pleasant manner, without any resort to the clumsy methods of the ordinary burglar.

Prompted by a Failure.

"Fraud, not force" was always my motto in design and my principle in execution; and by fraud, not force, I effected the entry that made the rest all plain sailing.

It is the more to my credit that my dodge succeeded brilliantly where an attempt on orthodox lines had failed dismally, and that scarcely a month before. It was reading of the failure that first drew my attention to the house. I cannot add "and to the opportunity" in a direct connection, for I claim that the opportunity was entirely of my own creation.

The newspaper reports of the failure to "burgle" the residence of Mr. Thomas Tissett, and of the detection and arrest of the cracksman who made the attempt, described the house as one of a number that had been erected in the lonely outskirts of Clacton-on-Sea, and I gathered that they were somewhat pretentious erections, each standing in its own grounds. A week or two later the papers had a good deal to say about Clacton in association with coming military manœuvres on a scale of considerable importance. An invasion was to be essayed in the neighbourhood of its coast. In view of the contingency of the landing of a hostile force, troops from various districts were to be massed for resistance. These troops were to be composed of Regulars and Territorials.

In with Confederates.

I went down to Clacton, reconnoitred Northernhay (as Tissett had named his little estate), made the few inquiries and taken the very few notes I considered necessary, and returned to town, where I found, and made arrangements with, the two confederates with whom I had reluctantly decided it would be advisable to work and share. Together we went to Clarkson's, explaining to the representatives of that eminent expert in the whole art of making-up, that we were amateur theatricals about to start rehearsals for the performance of a well-known military drama. Each of us wanted a rig-out as an officer of a line regiment on active service—myself as captain, my two companions as subalterns.

Nothing was easier. Clarkson could have garbed and equipped a whole battalion at shorter notice than we gave him for only the three of us. There was no need for us to hurry—as a matter of fact, we carried through the whole lucrative job at leisurely ease from beginning to end.

It is to be understood that in selecting Northernhay I influenced by the fact that my inquiries had fully confi the statement in the papers, at the time of the re abortive burglary, that the house was a treasury of costly curios, rare ceramics, and other portable valua

Saluted by the Soldiers.

Final details of arrangements were settled as the tim action approached. The manœuvres were to begin a Monday morning, on the Saturday preceding which soldiers were to be poured into the town and district. "full fig" of "fighting khaki" my couple of young " tenants" and I reached Clacton on the Sunday aftern Saluted by every "Tommy" and non-com., unquestione the officers of all ranks, whom we passed on our way the station to the principal hotel, we did ourselves we the latter till about seven o'clock, when a waiter res fully intimated that the wagonette I had ordered from hotel stables was at the door. One of my associates, used to the ways of procedure of ordinary cracks nervously protested that we were starting far too soon

"It isn't dark yet," he urged.

I laughed at him as we drove off. I meant to be in for dinner at Northernhay.

The driver pulled up to order at the gates of the grou Up a winding, flower-bordered path we marched to the door. The startled servant who opened it invited us the hall, there to wait till she fetched her master. But al he had heard the clanking of our swords—he was star behind her—a portly, fussy-looking little man of the type I had expected. He gazed with awe at the glitter o trappings of rank, and obviously recognised us as offi

"Mr. Thomas Tissett?"

He bowed to me like a flunky as he responded to interrogation in the affirmative.

Delighted with a "Lord."

I introduced myself. I was Captain Lord Reginal Neville, of the Buffs, accompanied by the Honourable A Marchmont and Mr. Stuart Lubbock, respectively senio junior lieutenants of the same company of the Buffs. I a most extraordinary thing—I had never had such an ex ence—but the War Office had so augmented the numb troops in the adjoining town at the last moment that ac modation had fallen short.

Hotels and houses were full. Even the bathing mac had all been requisitioned. Camp accommodation proved absurdly inadequate. I was most deucedly ups the thought of upsetting his domestic arrangements try not to be a nuisance—but the fact was, we were bill on him for the night.

So confident had I been all along that I had not troubled to provide myself with a bogus billet-paper. confidence was justified up to the hilt. Old Tissett a to see nothing of the sort. He took us for grantec I knew he would. He went nearly off his chump delight at the idea of entertaining such "angels unawa as a real live courtesy-lord, an honourable, and a Lubbo swagger officers of a swagger regiment. No doubt he a thought of social advantages to come. He might eve invited to mess!

Consideration for Stableman.

Before we sat down for dinner I had arranged matter, and before we got up from it I had arranged and The first was to send the driver of the wagonette bac the hotel on foot, with a message that we would bring vehicle back ourselves in the morning.

"Conditions of active service" was our excuse for paucity of personal baggage we had brought in wagonette. To the Honourable Alfred I entrusted the of seeing to it that it and the horse were so stabled on premises of our hospitable host that both should be a able without disturbing his own stableman. The se matter required a good deal of insistence on my part. should have to leave, I was sorry to say, at four o'clo the morning, to get back to our men. In spite of every that the master and mistress of the house could urge did urge—I couldn't and wouldn't and didn't allow a s member of their household to be disturbed on our acc at such an hour.

At three o'clock three gallant Buffs left their respe bedrooms and met downstairs. Bootless and swordle though even a little trampling and clanking would not endangered us—we went through all the chief lower ro and a few of the unoccupied upper ones. We made a c sweep of everything that was worth packing on wagonette.

COMPRESSED ITEMS.

INTERESTING PARS FROM HERE AND THERE.

There are forty-two parishes in Anglesey, none of which possess a public-house.

* * *

A Raeburn picture of a Lord Newton has been sold for £10—a maximum for a man's portrait at an auction in England.

* * *

As a Bishop Stortford furniture dealer was repairing an old armchair he had just purchased, he found a silver watch and chain in the back.

* * *

A girl in Northumberland, Pa., dreaming that it was time to go to work, walked two miles in her sleep to the factory where she was employed.

* * *

Four of six books that came from a lending library to a house (the Bishop of Bristol says) were sent straight back. Each was written by a woman.

* * *

Indoor paupers in England and Wales last year numbered 83,100, and outdoor paupers 603,181. The ratio per 1,000 is slightly less than that of the previous year.

* * *

"This seat is provided by the vicar for old people and children, and not for men who are born tired," is the inscription on a public seat which has just been placed in the pretty Sussex town of Midhurst.

* * *

A ship's steward, formerly in the Ionic, stated in the course of a claim at Bow Street for compensation for an accident, that his share of the tips from third-class passengers amounted to more than £2 a week.

* * *

New grotesque umbrellas are now all the rage in Paris. The handles represent different birds, with a stupid smile, and are guaranteed to make you laugh, even if you are depressed. They are designed by various well-known French caricaturists and bear their autographs.

* * *

A costermonger pleaded guilty the other day to the theft of no less than thirty-six bicycles. He seems to have taken a kleptomaniac kind of thing whenever he saw one. We can only hope that this kind of thing will not become a recognised branch of athletics.

* * *

A farmer, of Kansas, is trying to get rich betting against the weather. Last August he staked £8,000 on the chance that it would rain within three months. But it did not rain. If it had, however, he would have made over £50,000 on his wheat. He has staked £30,000 in five years on the chance that there would be enough rain and seasonable weather to give him a bumper crop of wheat.

* * *

Alighting from a tramcar, a young lady accidently injured her fellow-passenger's eye with one of her hatpins. The unfortunate man was taken to the infirmary in Vienna, and eventually lost the sight of the injured organ. Miss Anetti Schmidt, the young lady who unwittingly was the cause of the trouble, visited him regularly, and when she offered to marry him the young fellow promptly accepted.

* * *

Quite a commotion was caused in a fashionable West End square the other evening. Carriages and motors, with ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, arrived in rapid succession at the house of a titled lady only to find it in darkness. It seemed that the lady had issued invitations to a ball, and had forgotten to send out notices to say it had been cancelled, the only notification of its postponement being in one of the fashionable papers.

* * *

While repairing an old fireplace and chimney at the Old Farm, near Mold, Flintshire, workmen have discovered a revolving stone, which, on being moved, revealed a secret chamber.

The farm was built in the sixteenth century, and was once a manor house. In the chamber was antique oak furniture, including a table on which lay old firearms, household utensils, and the remains, reduced to dust, of a repast.

It is surmised that the room was used as a hiding place by Royalist fugitives during the Civil War in the reign of Charles I., and that since then it had remained undisturbed.

"OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL."

LITERATURE, AND HOW TO DO IT IN THE 20TH CENTURY.

SCENE: Sumptuously furnished apartment at Capucin House, the offices of the *Daily Tale*. Clean-shaven gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, and with lustrous black hair parted in the middle, discovered writing rapidly. He is the author of "Our Great New Serial."

AUTHOR (reads): "A-a-ah! There was a strangled cry, and with the *poisoned stamp* still adhering to her tongue, protruding with anguish, Lady Suffra Gette reeled and fell. . . . A low mocking laugh escaped the evilly curling lips of George Lloyd, as he watched her moaning, writhing. . . ." (Loq.:) There! That makes a decent "curtain"; and I think I've done enough stuff to fill that half column that was left vacant through Vile Beans withdrawing their "ad." at the last moment. (A knock at the door.) Come in!

(Enter portly stranger of foreign appearance, attired in a swallow-tailed coat, a bowler hat, and brown boots. He sits down ponderously.)

PORTLY STRANGER: Allow me for to introduce meinself. I am the manacher of Humpelmayer's. How much you sharge for to mention our tea-rooms in your gr-reat new serial, hein?

AUTHOR (lighting cigarette delicately, and inhaling luxuriously): That all depends. If I allude to the beautiful tesselated hall, and the continued *va-et-vient* of aristocratic femininity, that'll cost you fifty pounds. (Reflectively:) It'll fill your show with Acton and Ealing on Saturday afternoons, though. But if I only mention the place casually, by making the "fast" adventuress remark gaily "Well, bye-bye, Lord Percy Wilbraham. Don't forget, five o'clock at *Humpelmayer's!*" we could do you at a tenner. What do you say?

PORTLY STRANGER: I vill not regwire more as a ten pound allusion. The West End theatres are introducing gags that do uz zo moch goot. I vill zend you on a cheque az zoon az I see the notice. Good morgen to you. (Exit.)

(Author makes note in blue pencil on his blotting-pad. Telephone-bell rings. He goes to it and takes off receiver).

AUTHOR: Hallo? Who's speaking? . . . Oh, it's you, Squims, old chap, is it? . . . What? . . . Will I mention your Scratcho in my serial? Certainly. Tell you what I'll do. The heroine falls over a cliff, and the hero just manages to grab her by the hair. I'll wangle it something like this: "An ordinary head of hair would have given way, but the roots of Etheldreda's luxuriant tresses had been daily watered with Scratcho, and they stood the strain. Inch by inch, with muscles strained to bursting point, Athrobald drew her up!" . . . Will that do? . . . Good! . . . What? . . . Oh, as it's *you*, we'll do it for twenty-five quid. Good-bye, laddie. (Rings off.) It's getting a bit of a bore this advertising business. If I get much more of it I shall give up the ghost.

(Enter Advertisement Manager.)

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER (incisively): Look here! You've made the Earl of FitzFoozler go to Scotland at the end of the London season. Well, you must cut that part out. He's got to go to Skegness! (Thumps table.) We've just secured a full-page "ad." from the G.N.R. on that condition. Don't forget. . . Oh! And you might cut out some of that love twaddle, and shove in something about "non-stops" to Golder's Green and Ruislip, there's a good chap. (Exit.)

(Author tears his hair and sobs. Enter page-boy with telegram. Author rips it open.)

AUTHOR (reads): "Dying heroine must be revived at eleventh hour, and cured by timely dose of Merrier Water. —Southcliffe." (Loq.:) Oh! my art! my art! *This* is the last straw!

J. S. COX.

THE EXCLUSIVE LADY.

The minister and several friends were discussing whether or not we should know each other in heaven. Presuming that our physical beings would be perpetuated, and that recognition would be assured, the minister had asked several of those present whom among the Biblical characters they would be most anxious to meet.

Some mentioned one prophet and some another, but one lady, noted for her social exclusiveness, had not spoken. Turning to her, the minister said: "And whom would you like to meet?"

The lady pursed her lips. "I really don't know," she said, "but there is one thing I do know, and that is that I shouldn't care to meet Eve. In fact, I don't know that I would speak to her if I did."

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, who it is believed will succeed the late Field-Marshal Sir George White as Governor of Chelsea Hospital, has had many exciting experiences.

During the Galekaland war, when accompanied only by an orderly, he rode straight into the enemy's camp, which he had mistaken for that of the British force.

Fortunately, the Galekas had not time to realise the presence of their visitors before Lord Grenfell discovered his error, and with his companion galloped away into the darkness.

An amusing story is told about a drawing, which was made in the Afghan Campaign, and which Lord Grenfell sent to a paper. When it was published he was surprised to see it with the picturesque addition of groups of palm trees. when he pointed out that in the part of Afghanistan where the sketch was taken there were no trees at all, the Editor, whose strong point was evidently not geography, replied that the public always expected palms in African scenery!

CONVERTED THEATRE INTO CHAPEL.

The Marquis of Anglesey, whose engagement has been announced, came into his title seven years ago, and his annual income is said to be something like £150,000.

Since his accession to the peerage, many alterations have been made at Plas-Newydd, situate amid beautiful wooded scenery at Anglesey. The theatre where, in the late marquis's days, dramas and musical comedies were frequently produced, has been converted into a family chapel. George IV. stayed at Plas-Newydd one night, and the late Queen Victoria resided there nearly the whole of the summer of 1832.

When at Eton, Lord Anglesey rendered such splendid service at a fire at the college. that he was looked upon as something of a hero.

UPSET BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

There are probably few living men who have had a more exciting and interesting career than Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous, the well-known traveller and big game hunter.

He has shot wild animals in almost every part of the world where wild animals are to be found, and he has had as many hairbreadth escapes from death as has the toughest old warrior in the army.

Mr. Selous' love of hunting must have been born with him, for he was only a boy at school when he made up his mind to become a Nimrod. At present he is considered one of the best riders and deadliest shots in the Empire, and it is interesting to note that although his nerves are of the strongest, he is an inveterate tea drinker and partakes of this beverage with nearly every meal.

Among Mr. Selous' adventures, probably one of the most exciting occurred when he was going down to Zambesi in a canoe. The little craft was sunk in about twelve feet of water by a hippopotamus, and Mr. Selous, having lost all his belongings, was forced to swim for his life.

Luckily he reached the shore in safety, but it was an eerie experience, and one of the hunter's narrowest escapes from death. It is not generally known, by the way, that Mr. Selous will be handed down to posterity in the person of a popular character in fiction, for he is the original of Mr. Rider Haggard's ever-popular Allan Quatermain.

Mr. Selous has written a good deal himself, and one of the greatest admirers of his books is ex-President Roosevelt.

PHONOGRAPH AND OLDEST HYMN.

It was at Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton's house that the phonograph, when newly-invented, was almost for the first time exhibited in England. A select gathering of scientists and scholars assembled to hear the mechanism "talk." Max Muller was asked to speak a message into the machine. He obliged, and presently the message was reproduced: "Agnim ile purohitam yagnasm ritrigam hotaram ratnadhatamam."

Most people thought the phonograph had gone mad, or had murdered its message, but the great Orientalist, who had spoken the latter, explained that the words reproduced were those of the oldest hymn in the world, the first in the Vedas.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TRICK.

An amusing story is related of a trick which Mr. Chamberlain once played on Mr. Jesse Collings at [illegible] tical meeting. Both had an effective anecdote which were to tell alternately, the understanding being that ever spoke first should have first call on the yarn.

At one meeting Mr. Collings arrived late, and the man immediately called upon him to address the [illegible] As he proceeded with his speech he commenced to [illegible] to the anecdote. But before he had time to tell it, h gentle pull at his coat tails. Turning round he beh Chamberlain regarding him with anxious face. told the tale," he whispered. (So he had, but n night.) So Mr. Collings, much disappointed, o from his speech.

A little later Mr. Chamberlain spoke, and to the of Mr. Collings immediately proceeded to tell the s

SEQUEL TO A SURPRISE CALL

Mr. George Edwardes, famous in the theatrical w proverbial among those who know him for his i rightly to place names of people. There is one mem told of him in connection with this failing. moaned Mr. Edwardes, "this won't do, dear boy; t is rotten. We want that other fellow to write is the chap. Boy, boy" (enter boy), "get into a taxi at once for Mr. Eustace Miles. Tell him he mus here immediately. Say it is most important I sho him. Bring him with you. Do you hear, boy?"

Mr. Eustice Miles was surprised at receiving message. He wonderingly stepped into the waitin "What is this?" groaned Mr. Edwardes. "No, dear chap. I did not send for you. I wanted Stuart!"

MARQUIS AS ORDINARY SAILO

The Marquis of Graham, who has resigned his the Committee of the Provisional Insurance Commi East Suffolk, in consequence of a recent speech Lloyd George at Woodford, Essex—he considered the an insult to Unionists, and landlords—has had an career.

Like Lord Brassey, he served a full apprenticeshi mercantile marine, and got his master's certificate was twenty-one. Subsequently he was for some officer on Lord Brassey's yacht, the "Sunbeam."

The Marquis served in the South African war. the famous hunt of De Wet he was in action two times in thirty-one consecutive days. He shares w Earl of March the distinction of being the only two dukes who fought in South Africa alongside the fathers.

ENGLAND'S BIGGEST LANDOWN

The Duke of Northumberland is the largest lan in England, being able to ride one hundred miles, once leave his own domain.

Alnwick Castle, his seat in Northumberland, is a border stronghold, and the curfew bell is still run every evening at eight. Woodcocks abound on the and by the duke's orders his keepers put a nicke the leg of each bird they can capture.

On the ring appears a square mark with a letter "J the date of the year. Birds so adorned have been in Scotland and in Somersetshire.

An ancestor of the duke's was given a barony by W the First, with whom he was a great favourite. He panied the first Crusade, and died in sight of Jeru 1096; the third Earl of Northumberland led the van Lancastrians at Towton in 1461. The fourth ca required by Henry VII. to raise a subsidy in his but he was slain by the populace in his house in 148

Irish Foreman (to applicant for work): Sure, was only one vacancy at present, and that's filled; man we've got here to-day hasn't turned up—so if he come to-morrow we shall send him home again—after —b'jabbers, there you are!

MY NOTE BOOK.

week I plumed myself on the fact of something of a prophet. I was able to that my prediction of a big demand for thletic badge was no disappointing state-

is week I am inclined to say that the have exceeded my expectations, but would scarcely be correct when one mbers the attraction of the badge, and the erate figure at which it can be secured. true I designed the badge, but it was d Brockhurst, of Eastbourne, who ested there should be one, and he, too, be pleased with the way in which he been supported.

ering please mark "Badge" in ner of the envelope. The prices are: . for the costume badge and 1s. for the hat or cap one.

* * *

mentioned in No. 194, bands for straw hats, ties and lers in League colours are still obtainable from Messrs. ge, Holborn, London, E.C. The hat bands—1s. 4½d. are made of a silk mixture and are adjustable to e of hat. The ties—narrow and wide ended, and made silk—are supplied at 1s. 5½d. and 2s. 5½d. respec- The price of the mufflers—also of pure silk—is d.

* * *

TRIBUTE FROM HAMPSTEAD.

A few weeks ago I ventured the remark that here is a certain amount of vanity in all of us, and that the receipt of a kindly note from a friend is seldom, if ever, treated as strictly private. I then gave from a new reader a monial in the form of an acrostic, and since then have ioned others. This brings me to the point that some ht be tempted to say that one can have oo much of a thing; but I can assure you I make no apology for ing another appreciative epistle, this time from C.C.B. mpstead).

y Hampstead correspondent says:—

I thought I must write and let you know my opinion of our paper. It still holds a premier position over others, d the articles given are just what is wanted. I have troduced *Modern Man* to several lately, and after read- g have got three to join the League. No doubt others are ducing their friends to do the same, and I see no reason hy the paper should not be in every home. I will push as much as I can."

hank you, very much, C.C.B.; you're a brick.

* * *

he Selby series proved such a popular feature in *Modern* n that I am sure the return of Mr. Adam Stern will rtily welcomed, and in "The Career of Dunlop Kane" ers are promised a narrative of the keenest human rest.

* *

ADER AND PERSIANS.

An old reader has sent me some interesting facts concerning the Persians. He says:

"Their pleasures are in the main refined. They have not many kinds of recreation. Conversation is one of the chief enjoyments. ough a large proportion of them can neither read nor we must call them an intellectual people. They are natural linguists, and since their country is abited by many different races they are obliged to speak al different languages. It is not uncommon to find a n who scarcely knows his right hand from his left who speak two or three languages fluently; to this number a n of any education whatever would add two or three re.

While there is no caste the Persians are in some ways at sticklers for etiquette. The Zi-i-Sultan, the oldest and most capable son of Nasir-i-Din, could not succeed his her on the throne because his mother was not of royal th.

All social functions, moreover, are attended with the most d ceremonies and woe to the person who attempts to step the bounds which custom has prescribed for his k.

One amusing custom of former years is now almost if not tirely abandoned. It was once a capital offence for a an to remain in any street through which the royal harem s passing. Outriders loudly announced the approach of e ladies, and the men hurried down side streets, into ops or houses, or into any other place of safety that they ali and."

SECURE IT AT ONCE.

Many thanks to F.B. (Winchley) for forwarding me a photograph of the skull in which a venturesome bird built her nest—the fact was mentioned in last week's number—also for additional letterpress.

The skull was lying in the crypt at Rothwell Church, and the bird it seems entered the place through the ventilator, and after selecting the largest skull among the rows on the shelves, proceeded to enlarge a hole in it which had probably been made in the first place by a battle-axe, and to make a home there.

* * *

As the *Westminster Gazette* put it, after all a skull might be put to a worse use. We are no believers in the preservation of bones in church vaults or anywhere else, although "mazzards," as Hamlet called them, are to be found in large numbers in many sacred buildings up and down the country.

But it would not add a new terror to death for any of us to imagine that after life's fitful fever "some bird of the wilderness blythesome and cumberless" should build a nest in the place where brain were once supposed to have been."

* * *

ALLEGATIONS AGAINST MANCHESTER POLICE.

"The number of convictions a man obtains may not count for promotion in the Metropolitan Police which is under Government control, but in the Provincial forces it certainly goes a long way."

This is the opinion of a correspondent who has put in nearly twenty years' service in the police force, and who, in consequence of the recent articles in *Modern Man*, forwarded for my perusal a copy of the *Manchester Weekly Citizen*, containing remarkable correspondence concerning the conduct of the Manchester Police.

* * *

Under the date of 30th June, Councillor Ross Clyne wrote asking the Chairman of the Watch Committee if among other questions he would answer the following at the next meeting of the City Council:—

"Was it by desire of the Watch Committee that an order was recently issued drawing the attention of Superintendents to the fact that the number of prisoners for the half-year was 25 per cent. below the average, and that efforts must be made by officers and constables to bring the number up to normal during the next half-year?"

* * *

The reply furnished by Councillor J. H. Thewlis was as follows:—

"In reply to yours of the 30th, I have to say that it is within the province of the Chief Constable's duties to confer with his officers on the state of crime in their various districts, and to advise such course as may be desirable, or issue such orders as he thinks necessary. The Watch Committee do not interefere with the Chief Constable in the discharge of such duties, but if any complaint is made the Watch Committee inquire into the cause of such complaint. It would appear, therefore, that to put the question you propose would be somewhat a waste of the Council's time."

* * *

If there is nothing to hide, then the Watch Committee should be only too willing for the allegations to be fully and publicly inquired into. *Modern Man* will not forget the subject, and thanks are accorded the officer who has brought it under notice.

* * *

"MODERN MAN" CHUMMERY IN RANGOON.

There are few places on this terrestrial ball that does not number among the population a member of the *Modern Man* League.

At home and abroad there are thousands, and the army is continually increasing. This week Mr. J. L. Shillong, of Rangoon, India, an old member, has written enrolling two friends—Messrs. B. B. Nasse and George E. Faria, and there is now in Rangoon a *Modern Man* chummery. I wish the members the best of luck, and hope the "chummery" will prosper.

Now a word about the clubs at home. I shall be glad if secretaries will furnish me with complete lists of their members, so that the League Roll may be brought thoroughly up to date

YOUR EDITOR

WHAT MUST COME.

LORD DEVONPORT AND THE STRIKERS.

Like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Devonport at the time of writing is a very much upbraided individual. By his unflinching attitude in connection with the dockers' strike, he has heaped coals of fire upon his head, according to a section of the community. In effect, he has been dubbed a tyrannical oppressor, if not something very much worse.

And all because, like the strikers, he has been adamant to another party's conviction that fairness is being sacrificed upon the altar of vindictiveness!

Difference of Opinion.

From time immemorial, there has been difference of opinion, and what to one is a grave injustice, is to another nothing more than an idiotic fallacy. Every man, however, is entitled to an opinion, Lord Devonport and the striker, but when conflicting opinions lead to a protracted dislocation of labour, without which there must be much physical suffering, then the limit has been reached.

The whole thing becomes foolhardy, and in the interests of both parties *must* be stopped.

Driving Home a Point.

In a letter a few days ago, setting forth the position of the Dockers' Strike, Lord Devonport penned these significant words: "Parliament is Sovereign, and can do anything—by legislation. Nothing short of that will change the attitude of the Port of London Authority towards those who declared this unprovoked and unjustifiable war."

Whether right or wrong about the "unprovoked and unjustifiable war," *Modern Man* does not concern itself just now. The point which it is desirous in all earnestness of driving home again has reference to the first part of Lord Devonport's statement, "Parliament is Sovereign, and can do anything—by legislation."

Quite so. As advocated by *Modern Man* a few weeks ago, compulsory arbitration *must* come.

BRINY NOTES.

LATEST REPORTS FROM SEASIDE RESORTS.

Weari-Ness.—Much speculation was rife as to whether the curly-haired Pierrot and the pretty widow who always occupied a front deck chair at every performance would make a match of it.

All conjecture was set at rest by the arrival of his wife and seven children on a week-end trip.

Southend.—Extensive arrangements had been made to hold a Schoolboys' Swimming Regatta. Success was assured, but for the fact that none of the boys could swim.

Dillington.—Regular visitors declare that the ozone is stronger and more invigorating than ever. The new sewage works are now completed.

Yarmouth.—Some consternation was caused the other night by the abrupt termination of the promenade concert at the Winter Gardens. Herr Guttheim, the conductor, absolutely declined to continue in competition with the loud socks worn by some of the B'hoys.

Blackpool.—The promenade is washed from end to end every night with salt. Visitors can salt their soles on the prom. instead of visiting the fish-shop.

Torquay.—The bye-law prohibiting donkeys on the sands has been withdrawn. This decision will be greatly appreciated by those visitors on whose behalf this concession has been made.

Little Dooing.—The spiritual welfare of visitors is to be well looked after. It has been announced at Little Bethel that "The preacher for each Sunday will be nailed to the door."

Margate.—The waiters of the Hotel de Luxe have all been supplied with clean collars—thus the chief distinguishing feature between guests and waiters has been removed.

Dozing-on-the-Marsh.—The demand for bathing machines still continues. Mrs. Jones' clothes-horse and best tablecloth have disappeared.

HAVE YOU MET HIM

SOME HINTS TO THE CHRONIC BORE.

The man who is tactless is disliked; the [illegible] insulting is cordially hated and shunned, but the [illegible] bores is ostracised. He is a social outcast.

Everybody shuns him. When they see him coming get on a 'bus, when he invites them to dinner they indisposed, when they are giving invitations they ignore They shun him like the plague.

Hypocrisy of Social Amenities.

It is one of the most exasperating traits of the bore he is quite unaware of his own bottomless baseness. ably he considers himself an entertaining person, interesting personal reminiscences and enjoyable [illegible] He has drifted into boredom by insensible degrees. He was an only son who posed as an oracle and fed admiration of a circle of doting sisters. He deve passion for talking shop, and began to consider a very interesting personality. Gradually he became and longer-winded till he became that most heinous the chronic bore.

Owing to the hypocrisy of our social amenities easiest thing in the world to be a bore and not No one told him of his hideous depravity; they avoided him.

When people are cornered by a bore they neither him nor insult him, nor let him see what [illegible] able creature he is.

They listen to him attentively and try to smile places as though they were performing some pain But next time they see him coming they will wal out of their way to avoid meeting him.

The Necessity for Candour.

If people were candid and let him see what a conte creature he is, he might reform. It is only when he to notice that he is avoided that his presence is ha people, that he begins to realise that there is a supe ance of Ego in his Cosmos.

Then, if he has some latent decency in his disposi tries to make himself fit for intercourse with human by being a little less offensively egotistical.

If not, he remains a lone wolf, a world-hated shunned Pariah—a bore.

SCOPE IN THE ARMY

TOMMY'S TUTORS AND THEIR CHANCES

Schoolmastering in the Army offers a good career ing as a schoolmaster on probation, the candidate 2s. 6d. a day, and 4s. a day when confirmed in his ment, rising to 5s. a day.

This may not sound a great deal, but to it must b the value of the free board, lodging, uniform, receives.

Thus the Schoolmaster who is a warrant officer prospect of promotion to Inspector of Army Scho this case he becomes a commissioned officer, with t of lieutenant, draws 10s. 6d. a day—more the lo serves—and can look forward to retiring on a pe £200 a year.

Pension No Small Consideration.

An Army schoolmaster who does not reach the Inspector can reasonably rely on a pension of Few assistant masters in secondary schools, pu vate, get any pension at all, and when they do, t usually had to contribute heavily towards it. Army masters are necessary for the education of ambitio coms and men, various educational certificates be quired before promotion to certain ranks. They ha charge of the education of the soldiers' children, w course, is free—at least to the youngsters of the soldier "on the strength."

I was in a shop the other day when a tremendo woman came in.

"I would like to see a nightdr[illegible] that will fit m said to the assistant.

"So would I," said the shopman.

HE MODERN WOMAN'S INTERESTS.

l blazers in bright shades are fashionable for the n tennis player.

* * *

ty is the kind of charm that attracts the love of all, much is better than too little.

* * *

nterprising ladies' bootmaker specialises in shoes om snake, alligator, and crocodile skin.

* * *

al cricket match against girls of a rival school, Miss e fifteen year old daughter of Dr. Blake, of Har- has knocked up 104 runs in two and a half hours.

* * *

olden witness in a case at the Clerkenwell Police ed if she knew the prosecutrix. "Oh, yes," cheerful reply, "we did three months together."

* * *

contented wife, writing on "How hobbies spoil ds," has said: "A hobby is a very good thing—in tion—but it is just as well to remember that to be engrossed in one pursuit is to make oneself very to other people."

* * *

well-known women now pay afternoon calls arassing wriggling green lizards which have and silver collars round their scaly necks.

is are no trouble to keep: you put them in a glass n they are not being fondled, and all they require of water and a few mealworms.

* * *

s nothing under heaven that the average woman so much as having to make up her mind. She it is not the sort of thing that she can be expected lone; it is one of those pieces of hard labour which orial custom decrees that the nearest male thing do for her.

* * *

Villany, the classical dancer, has been fined 30s. h for dancing on the stage in no more elaborate than that of Mother Eve. When Mlle. Villany was ed a few months ago, a number of eminent painters iters declared that her performances were inspired reme art; that they had taken wives and sisters her, and that the exhibition of the female form was and spiritual.

* * *

of the most romantic stories of hidden treasure is by the news that a London syndicate is fitting steamship *Melmore* at Plymouth to search for treasure valued at twenty millions sterling, which said to be buried on Cocos Island, in the Pacific.

ladies—Miss Davis and Mrs. Barry Till—are among ecipals in the venture. They were on the island last , it is said, discovered the exact whereabouts of a vast treasure was concealed by pirates. They dy on their way to Panama, where the *Melmore* n them.

* * *

l of giving away photographs of themselves society women have decided that the correct thing have statuettes made of bronze and marble, and n Mills, junr., has led the movement by having a gold statuette of herself made by a prominent

it is admitted that not every woman of fashion is to the idea suddenly. A statuette of a tall figure may be attractive: that of a short stumpy ole. To American sculptors, however, all things and there is always the subtle refuge of the less graceful statuettes to busts.

If obliged to take nauseous medicine, first put a bit of alum in the mouth. The medicine can then be taken with ease.

* * *

"Did you marry her on the spur of the moment?" a defendant was asked at the Woolwich Police Court recently. "No sir, at the registry office," was the reply.

* * *

Women wear so much false hair that it is hard to tell which is switch.

* * *

Pouring hot fruit into glass dishes is very likely to result in breaking the latter. To prevent this stand the glass dish on on a cloth wet with hot water and then pour the fruit into it.

* * *

It has been left to America to supply the first woman wireless operator to go to sea. She has passed a naval examination at the Government's naval wireless training school, and has been appointed to a coast vessel.

* * *

At a fashionable reception the other evening it was noticed that three pretty Society dames were wearing dresses of the same material made up in the same style. As all three aspire to originality in gowns, the "tragedy" caused considerable amusement.

* * *

It is a good plan, especially in a house where there are children, to buy some tiny bells at a toy-shop, and before putting a bottle containing poison or poisonous mixture on the shelf or in a cupboard, to thread one of the bells on a bit of string, and tie this round the bottle-neck. Then should the bottle be taken up in a hurry, or in the dark, the little bell rings its warning note.

* * *

American women claim that they are the best swimmers in the world.

Swimming is regarded as the ideal form of exercise, and there is scarcely a woman of the present generation who does not swim easily. In June last year the National Women's Life-Saving League was formed. Ten per cent. of the large membership are young married women, whilst the rest are girls of 16 to 23.

* * *

If you want to hear "nasty things" said of other people, go to a fashionable wedding, says the *Daily Mirror* cartoonist. Bride, bridegroom, parents and presents all come in for a severity of criticism from those invited that amusingly contrasts with the amiable attitudes and delightful congratulatory smiles those same people show on their faces.

* * *

To rest in a standing position is a very important lesson all women should learn, but especially helpful will it be found by those whose daily occupation necessitates "being on the feet."

The commonly assumed position of a tired woman when standing is one where the arms are folded in front, and the weight of the whole body is shifted on to one limb, curving the vertebral column and contracting the chest.

When a woman learns to stand correctly not only is beauty of carriage acquired but that of health as well.

* * *

Always over the head of the Arab woman hangs the shadow of divorce. Nowhere in the world does the law so facilitate the separation of man and wife as in those lands so fittingly named the Barbary states.

If an Arab grows tired of his wife's looks, or her actions, or her dress; if he wishes to replace her with another; or if he is weary of married life and does not wish any wife at all, he does not need to go to the trouble or nominal expense of divorcing her, but gets rid of her instead by the simple process of "repudiation," which consists in saying to her, "Woman, get thee hence: take thy goods and go!"

FIVE SHILLINGS A WORD.

FORTUNES AMASSED BY AUTHORS.

Who has not heard of "Sherlock Holmes" and its gifted author, Conan Doyle? And yet, when the author, then only a practising physician, endeavoured to sell "A Study in Scarlet," the first introduction of Sherlock Holmes, a story of 35,000 words, he could not find a publisher, and it was only after peddling from one firm to another for several months that he at last succeeded in selling it for £14—that is, less than five shillings a thousand words. This was, of course, before he had made a name for himself in the realms of literature. In after years, the Sherlock Holmes books brought the author close on £80,000, and for his latest work he received one dollar a word for the American serial rights alone.

The same may be said of Rudyard Kipling with his inimitable style. While he was as yet unknown to the general public, some of his very best stories were sold for £5 apiece. To-day, however, he commands the best prices. For the serial rights of "Kim" he received over £6,000, and a few months back it was rumoured that he received £800 for a short story in a Magazine when it first came out—this was computed at close on five shillings a word.

Unfortunate Disposal of a Copyright.

This may have been a sort of a bribe to induce the famous author to write for magazines, and, judging from the number that have appeared since, he must have found it a very lucrative business. Anyway, he has accumulated quite a big fortune from his literary efforts.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, once a leading favourite with the gentler sex, also secured huge profits from her later works. "Robert Elsmere," unfortunately, appeared before international copyright was instituted, and brought but little grist to the mill. But the last eight novels she published brought her close on £10,000 each.

Beatrice Harraden, the author of that famous novel, "Ships that Pass in the Night," made no money out of her great success, though over two hundred thousand copies were sold, because she parted with the copyright for a paltry £20.

Katherine Thurston, on the other hand, was more fortunate with her "Masquerader" (or "John Chilcote, M.P.," as it was afterwards renamed), selling over two hundred thousand copies, and thereby amassing quite a comfortable fortune.

Winston Churchill, the American, received over £60,000 from "Richard Carvel," both as a book and a play, and £50,000, £40,000, and £35,000 respectively for "The Crisis," "Coniston," and "Mr. Crewe's Career." While "Monsieur Beaucaire," a little book of 12,000 words, brought a nice little fortune to Booth Tarkington, over 150,000 copies being sold.

Brilliant Offer to Ex-President.

Among the favoured few we may also reckon Robert W. Chambers, James Lane Allen, and Thomas Dixon, who, as a rule, command a 20 per cent. royalty, which amounts to about 2s. 6d. on each copy sold. To these we may well add ex-President Roosevelt, of the "Big Stick" fame, who but recently received an offer of 100,000 dollars for a book about his visit to Europe and 50,000 dollars for a book on sports and hunting.

CONCERNING GLASS.

The manufacture of glass was known at a very early date, but in its perfectly transparent condition was reckoned so very valuable that Nero is said to have paid £50,000 for a couple of cups with handles. During the excavations at Pompeii, which was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, the windows of some of the houses were found covered with a thick kind of glass, which was not transparent, while others had talc split into very thin plates.

It was about the year 1180 that glass windows were first introduced to England, and they came from France. From the fabric-roll of Exeter Cathedral it appears that both plain and stained glass was brought from Normandy, during the fourteenth century, at a charge of 4d. and 8d. per foot respectively.

Glass bottles were first manufactured in England about 1557, and the first plate-glass manufactory was established at Lambeth in the year 1674.

"LOCAL FAME."

AN OLD FIGURE IN THE NEWSPAPER WO

The amateur press-agent—the man who wishes t chronicle of his own doings—is an old figure in th paper world. And nowhere are the efforts of the a press-agent more strenuous than in the office of paper.

The writer spent a considerable time on the staff of paper in a town of comparative insignificance, and piest memories are those of the wily amateur pres in search of mention in the paper.

He Lived Opposite.

"Got my name down?" an individual asked me one I was busy at a fire with note-book and pencil. said. "What did you do, give the alarm?" "No, the reply, "only I live opposite the house on fire—I that might interest your readers!"

Again, I was reporting a football match when a gentleman approached me. "Don't forget to men Smith was among the spectators," he said. "You kno Smith who was captain of the fire brigade ten year You might mention what a wonderful cricketer he be." "Where is he standing?" I asked inquisitively. said the gentleman, "as a matter of fact, I'm Smith."

And yet a third instance. A lady came up to me leaving an inquest, and introducing herself as a landlady of the deceased's, hoped I'd get her name right. And she hadn't even been a witness! "Why want me to mention you?" I asked. "Oh, it'll be for the folks to read about," she replied modestly.

Wonderful what a number of people prefer inform about themselves to a local reporter, and say they "it will be of interest to your readers." Under excuse, I have been asked to chronicle, variously, a daughter's Sunday school prize, a by-no-means growth of marrows, a private chess match, and the a lady was having her picture painted by a local artist.

Ready-Written Concert Reports.

Little ready-written reports of concerts which have place frequently reveal the cloven-hoof of the a press-agent when sent in. The report will read like a rule. "A tremendously successful concert was held Hall last Saturday. Mr. Henry Robinson was the success of the evening. In the first half of the progr he sang (here follow the titles of his songs), being encored. In the second half he sang (more songs) and only permitted to leave the platform after a scene traordinary prolonged enthusiasm. Others appearing the concert were Messrs. Brown, Smith, Jones, and Misses Green, Black, and White."

The "local" editor soon becomes aware of the person thirsts for publicity for business rather than personal reasons. Such a paragraph as this may be received morning: "Mr. John Jackson, we learn, is engaged married to Miss Gray, daughter of Mr. Charles Gray, keeps the big millinery shop in West Street, famous bargains. Ladies who are shopping should make a point looking at Mr. Gray's well-stocked windows."

Woman and Her Gown.

Then there are those ladies who drop charming notes saying how much they like the paper, and naively, "By the way, I don't suppose an insignificant like me is of interest to your readers, but if you should to know what I wore at the mayor's ball. I wore ——."

Other ladies drop notes about their social doings they entertain a friend from Saturday to Monday, communication: "Among the house-party at The Hall the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Jones, last week Mr. Asterisk-Dash."

Councillors, police-constables, private residents, mongers, and a host of other people are always ready the local pressman to secure mention of their doings.

Why do they do it? Well, some have an axe to others an idea to exploit. But the majority are impelled by vanity, by a desire to "see their names in And "seeing one's name in print" becomes a craving awhile.

All these people hanker after local celebrity, and do best to get it by their own efforts—with the kindly assistance of the local press.

SEASIDE BEACH MYSTERIES.

SECRETS WHICH THE OCEAN HOLDS IN ITS KEEPING.

er mortals of a certain indescribable quality of mind, the
al ocean has ever an irresistible influence. It has
ges for them which it withholds from others. Vision-
have said that the sea is peopled with the spirits of
who have perished within it; and that those spirits
the power at times to sway the minds of mortals. Who
s: Shakespeare said "There are more things in Heaven
arth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."
d we should be the last to deny the suggestion of a sec-
t Egyptic thinkers, to the effect that the sea has an in-
ty generally a vicious one— over those of a criminal
. This would certainly account, in a measure, for
that a great many tragedies have occurred on the
on the seashore,—some of them providing mysteries
ave baffled the keenest official brains to this day.

Sensation at Yarmouth.

amount in the minds of the public at the present mo-
, of course, is the mysterious tragedy that has just oc-
d on the beach at Great Yarmouth. There, at a time
year when the little town is crowded with light-hearted
s live, for the time at any rate, only for pleasure and
mmic, a young girl of sixteen; little more than a child
e, but apparently older than her years, as regards her
, has been found dead under circumstances which
to a particularly brutal and callous murder.
poor girl, Dora May Gray, who still wore her hair in
, was found close to the seashore, stretched out stiff,
and straight down by her sides, and her legs, divested
and stockings, also straight. She had been stran-
with a bootlace from one of her own shoes—apparently
strangled, for the lace had made a horribly deep im-
n, and the poor little victim's face was black.
remarkable how similar in many important respects
ragedy is to one which occurred twelve years ago, and
nnection with which a man named Herbert Bennett was
ted. Compare these details.
ra Gray was killed on a Sunday night (July 14th). Mrs.
, the widow murdered—or supposed to have been—by
ett, also met her end on a Sunday night (September
1900). Both were strangled, with a bootlace, on
outh beach, the two ill-fated spots being only a few
red yards distant from one another.

hed Up by the Tide.

e here is a theory, which may or may not be worth
deration. Is it not possible that the murderer of Mrs.
was *not* Herbert Bennett, but some maniacal human
who escaped the law, and has lived on to commit the
horrible crime again?
is, however, is, unhappily, not the only seaside mys-
that has occurred this year. On June 14th last, the
s of a man and a woman—locked in each other's arms—
found on the beach at Southport. They had been
d up by the tide. The sea—kindly for once—had been
ng to retain this pathetic prey, and had returned it
e it came.
e man and the woman w. married. The husband,
Matthew William Counsell, was a commercial traveller,
ad lately been out of employment and in poor health.
Coroner's jury returned an open verdict.
t only were some letters left by them, and which might
thrown light on the mystery, not read at the inquest?
e recent still was another seaside mystery. On the
nth of this month the fully-clothed body of a woman was
d on the sandy fore-shore to the north of Deal. She was
rently some thirty years old; and was identified later
woman who had been several times in a lunatic asylum.
e of her clothing bore the marks "L.E." and "N.,"
h would seem to suggest that part of it had originally be-
d to different people.

Discovery at Southend.

thend-on-Sea has been the scene of two mysteries within
ast few days, one tragic, and the other happily present-
ot quite so sad an aspect.

On July 15th (the same day, strangely enough, on which Dora Gray was found dead at Yarmouth, and the unknown woman was discovered at Deal) another woman was found drowned near Southend-on-Sea. Her pockets were filled with stones, so that it looks as though the victim brought about her own end. She had given the name of Miss Morison.

Some days previously, on July 12th, yet another woman—or rather a girl about twenty, and smartly dressed—was found on Southend beach. In this case, the woman was not dead, but unconscious. She had a cut on the head; and there were marks on her throat. She was removed to the workhouse; and on recovering her strength and her faculties, she will probably make a statement which will clear up what is at present undoubtedly a seaside mystery.

These instances are sufficient to show how great an attraction the sea-shore seems to have for those contemplating a crime of any kind. This, in itself, is a mystery; for the reason of this attraction is woll nigh impossble to fathom.

What the Sea Suggests.

Perhaps it is that the vast ocean seems to suggest to tortured minds, contemplating destruction to themselves or others, an allegory of Eternity. It is the Unknown, the Unimaginable, just as the life to come is not to be adequately realised. The sea suggests Solitude, and Peace—the complete peace that is only to be found in Death. May this not be the reason why those who brood on death seek out the sea?

Meanwhile, the seaside has witnessed yet another tragedy. In a mill-dyke on the marshes between Caister-on-Sea and Great Yarmouth the body of a man of about thirty-five has been found. It may be that his death is connected in some way with that of Dora Gray—but this is not believed to be the case. It promises to add yet another item to the total of unsolved mysteries of the sea-shore.

THE BADGE OF THE SEASON.

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with "Badge" marked in corner of envelope.

Rapid Physical Development.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

With a Rifle.

So many of my readers will shortly be out in Territorial camp, that this week I give two exercises to be performed with a rifle.

Of course, the non-Territorial reader can equally benefit from these exercises by substituting a bar or weighted stick for the rifle. The substitute, whatever it be, should be nearly as possible the same length and weight as the Service rifle; that is, about 44½ inches long, and 8 lb. 2½ oz. in weight.

First Exercise.

Standing at attention with the rifle held in both hands across the body, throw the rifle out to the front, in line with the shoulders and keeping the arms perfectly straight.

The backs of the hands should be uppermost, and the sling of the rifle, if you have one, to the front.

Then rise on the toes as high as you can, and then lower the body as far as possible by bending the knees.

The knees should be forced well apart, the body and head kept erect, with the eyes directed to the front, and the heels pressed together. (See Illustration.)

Rise by slowly straightening the knees, lower heels to the ground, resume original position and repeat.

This exercise is not for the beginner at physical culture, except when a light stick is used, and even the seasoned athlete will find that when done slowly and repeated, say, eight times, it is pretty hard work, that is, with a Service rifle or some instrument of equivalent weight. Still it is a fine exercise for back, stomach, arm, and leg muscles.

Another Exercise.

Another exercise begins like our first one; that is, the rifle is flung out shoulder high and at arm's length from the body.

Now bring the rifle smartly into the chest, and in line with the nipples.

The elbows must be kept close to the sides, and well down, and the chest forced well forward. The sling of the rifle should be upwards.

Now make a partial turn to the right on the heels until the right toe points to the right and the left toe to the front. Keep head and eyes turned to the right. Lunge about 36 inches to the right, keeping the left foot flat on the ground, and the left leg straight. The right leg from the knee downwards must be perpendicular, and the body kept upright. As you lunge force the rifle out from the breast to the full extent of the arms.

After holding this position for two or three seconds, bring the rifle into the breast, raise the toes, and turn left about on the heels, thus bringing the left leg in front and bent, the right leg in rear and straight.

Force the rifle out as before, then withdraw it to chest, bring the right heel up to the left, turn to the front, and repeat, but turning and bringing to the left this time.

This is a very good exercise even if you cannot obtain any more suitable "rifle" than an ordinary walking stick.

Teetotal "Drunkards."

As my readers are aware, my position as regards alcohol and keeping fit is that no man in good health *needs* alcohol in any shape or form.

An occasional whisky-and-soda or glass of beer is not likely to do him any harm—I am not talking of the athlete in strict training—but it is unnecessary.

There are, however, total abstainers who might almost be called drunkards.

Anyway, they exercise no self-control and drink teetotal liquids to excess.

Too much liquid, more especially mineralised liquid, makes the body and muscles flabby and impairs the digestive organs. The importance of moderation in temperance drinks may not have struck you before, but it is worth mentioning in this hot weather.

Answers to Correspondent

K. L. (Taunton).—As previously in this column a hairy chest is not nec a sign of strength, though it usually go a vigorous constitution.

"SPRAINS" (Dorking).—The prep known variously as "Nine Oils" and Oils" is composed as follows:— vinegar; ½ gill spirits of turpentine; eggs (whites only) well beaten up.

"ANDREW" (Dundee).—In d under water, the neck of the corked is placed in the mouth and the co worked out with the teeth. Swallowing helped by expelling a little air throu nostrils. The left arm should be kept the water while eating or drinking under water.

"TIM" (Acton).—Measurements very good. If beer with you, by all means drink it. Only remember the old s "Those who drink beer think beer." This, however, only to excess, for was not the late Lord Tennyson fond of a t of ale, and a clay pipe?

FEMININE READER (Wakefield).—We do not bel hockey for girls young or old, and we believe that the m of doctors condemn it as too exhausting, as involving shar and twists which are often most injurious to the femal divine.

In our humble masculine opinion the best games and e for women and girls are golf, lawn tennis, badminton, ball, fencing and billiards.

A. R. (Everton).—Try taking more sugar. If you like it as sugar, take it in the form of jam, an excellen when training for feats of endurance, or engaged in pro hard exercise.

THIS GIRL has had her bu increased.

THIS MAN has not.

If you are under I can increase your b by from two to ... inches within three m ... realincrease, remo ... not merely straight up. My exercises w ... feel with vigour, an ... will be, and will ... tremper than you were before. No ... inces of any kind ... used. Send three ... stamps for particul ... my system.

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MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING.

THE AUTOMATIC CARBURETTER AND IT'S DISADVANTAGES.

problem around which much interest has centred of is that of the automatic carburetter, in which the le control is by one lever only, and which the respective nufacturers claim gives a perfect mixture at all speeds under all conditions.

iting Unfavourable Criticism.

hat they give efficient results as regards speed and haps hill climbing, especially in the hands of novices have not quite grasped the manipulating of the two , no one will deny, but to claim a "perfect" mixture invite unfavourable criticism, simply because the nt of brains that is necessary to two-lever control is ng in the single-lever.

make the meaning more clear, we will suppose we are ding along the level on a machine at about 20 miles hour with throttle lever one-third open and air lever f-way. We now approach a hill which, although fairly , is not enough to offer any resistance to a modern chine, so we decide to take it "all out."

we feel ourselves attacking the gradient we slowly e the extra air and open the throttle until we notice e near the top of the hill that the two levers have ctically reversed their positions for the purpose of uering the hill.

w we must bear in mind that whilst on the level and the hill, the speed was the same, and also the number ngine revolutions per minute, yet to get the best out of machine different adjustments of the levers had to de. How does the single lever cope with this diffi- ? Doubtless it will ascend the hill just as easily, obviously under one of the conditions it cannot be ing a perfect mixture.

Again, there are certain atmospheric conditions under h a two-lever will take as much air as one likes to e and other conditions which necessitate the air lever ng practically shut down. Another problem for the omatic!

perts and Perfect Mixtures.

In some carburetters these latter conditions are com- sated for by adjustments on the actual mechanism art from the control lever, but under these circum- nces they are at once disqualified from being called omatic.

Some reader may enquire what is a perfect mixture? this matter I do not think there is much difference of inion. Experts are all agreed that a mixture when rfect is such that the combustion in the cylinders is mplete; that is to say, the explosive mixture of petrol and air is correctly proportioned as regard its com- nent parts, there being no excess of gas, which leads to oted valves, plugs, and overheating, or excess of air, which akens the mixture and is detected by misfiring.

A possible way of deciding the vexed question would be means of a reliability tour of about 200 miles, including eral stiff hills and in which the amount of petrol con- med would be taken into account. This last condition am confident would prove the stumbling block of the automatics," especially if the weather at the time pened to be warm and dry, as given these conditions, e riders seem to be able to drive their machines prac- ally on air.

mplifying the Control.

Another point claimed in favour of the automatic is at it simplifies the control of the machine, but as all odern machines are handle-bar controlled, this item is t very important, it being just as easy to regulate the o levers as one, and I feel sure that any motor cyclist o is an enthusiast will prefer the experimenting with o levers to ascertain which mixture suits his engine best, trusting to the tender mercies of the automatic

One of the objections frequently made to touring in the Emerald Isle is the fact that some of the roads are very rough and unsuitable for cycling. This reproach will soon be a thing of the past.

Assisted by the Road Board, and urged on by Mr. R. J. McCredy, the well-known cycling tourist, the Irish district councils are taking up the question of improving the roads with considerable enthusiasm. The steam roller is to be met with in nearly all parts, and before long the Irish roads in most parts will compare favourably with those of England.

The utmost care should be taken in turning out of a side road into a main road. Nowadays motor-cars pass the ends of roads at a very high rate of speed, and the unfortunate cyclist who may be coming out of a road quickly may find himself hit sideways by a rapidly moving motor-car.

Rule of the Road.

Whatever you do, always keeps to your right side of the road and come out with a wide sweep, giving yourself plenty of room to change your track if necessary, but whenever changing always remember the rule of the road. If you go over on your wrong side, however tempting it may be, the probabilities of an accident are greatly increased, while the motor-car may at the last moment turn in as he should do to his own side and find the road occupied by the cyclist. More accidents have occured through people taking the wrong side at the last moment than probably from any other cause.

The other day a well-known writer on cycling matters was asked his opinion as to what age a person should give up cycling.

It would be rather difficult to frame an answer that could be accepted as satisfactory, seeing that men who are upwards of 70 years of age not only cycle regularly, but are capable of riding remarkable distances. The truth is, probably, that it is impossible to lay down a rule on the point. It all depends upon the person concerned.

Cycle Racing at 80.

Only recently a gentleman of 90 addressed the House of Commons; yet there are men of 60 who think that they are too old for anything except an armchair and slippers. The late Major Knox Holmes rode a race when he was upwards of 80. It is a matter of physical condition and temperament, and, no doubt, the man who has been in the habit of taking regular cycling exercise will be able to keep in condition the longer.

A. R. W.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

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Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Business is very slack in the stock markets.

* * *

Consols touched a new low record last week.

* * *

There has been a big shake out in home rails, and prices all round are very low.

* * *

A purchase of Great Eastern, Metropolitan or Districts should prove a good investment.

* * *

Although Mexican Railway Ord. are talked to 70 we consider the present price quite high enough.

* * *

Canadian Pacific are not likely to move much either way during the next month, but are talked higher.

* * *

The Grand Trunk traffic return published last week was rather disappointing, but we still recommend investors to purchase Trunks Third Pref.

* * *

Rio, San Paulo, and Mexican Trams have been very lively of late, scoring new high records. We cannot, however, advise the small investor to touch them at present prices.

* * *

There has been no feature in Oils, but quiet bidding has been going on for the leading shares, and the tone generally has been firm.

* * *

Look out for a winter boom in Oils.

* * *

Rubber is a neglected market, in which there is nothing for the speculator to go for.

* * *

We cannot help feeling that the shares of the parent Marconi Company are now worth our readers' attention—they look cheap.

* * *

Lockwood and Company's appeal in the case of Buhrbank and Lockwood and Company, was dismissed upon terms, the plaintiffs publicly withdrawing all charges of fraud.

* * *

A reader writes: "I bought a few shares in Sandow's Cocoa Company, but I never see it advertised now. What has become of the company?" That's what we should like to know.

* * *

Ashanti Goldfields have just declared a dividend of 1s. per share less tax, same as last year.

* * *

An offer will shortly be made of £1,000,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures of the Chilian Northern Railway Company.

* * *

I am pleased to hear many readers took advantage of my advice to buy Nigerian Tin Corp., Bauchi Ord. and Rayfield.

* * *

There is no doubt whatever we shall see an autumn boom in tin shares.

* * *

All mining shares stand at knock-out prices, and if you invest your savings now you are bound to see a good profit in a few months.

* * *

The Law, Car and General Insurance Corporation, Limited, now in liquidation, is not to be confused with the Car and General Insurance Corporation, Ltd.

* * *

American Rails depend entirely upon the crop position, which has been most encouraging.

* * *

Mr. Legrand, the Technical Manager of the Galician Oil Lands and Royalties Trust, Ltd., is now in Galicia arranging the transfer of the first section of Royalties, and for the boring of the first wells. The 8 Per Cent. Participating Prefs. look an attractive purchase.

In reply to letters from many readers, the Nation Exchange has been in existence for three or four y we are not sure of their financial position at the pres

* * *

Until the *Daily Mail* Exchange can buy or sel securities at the Stock Exchange prices of the m cannot succeed.

* * *

We cannot recommend readers to take up shar recently formed Tin Trust, Limited. In the prospe make the candid admission that no contracts have entered into.

* * *

WE TIP THIS WEEK.

INDUSTRIALS.

	£ s. d.
Associated Portland Cement ...	at 6 0 0
Amalgamated Press Ord. ...	at 7 5 0
Canadian Marconi	at 1 5 0
Marconi	at 5 12 6

RAILWAYS.

Great Eastern	at 66½
Metropolitan District	at 38¼
Grand Trunk Third Pref. ...	at 56½

OIL SHARES.

Anglo Maikop	at 0 15 0
Maikop Pipe Line	at 0 12 0
Premier Pipe	at 0 16 6

MINES.

The Shanty Gold Field... ...	at 1 1 3
Nigerian Tin Corporation ...	at 1 15 0
Bauchi Ord.	at 0 8½ 0
Rayfield	at 1 15 0

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CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

J.McD. (Glasgow).—A subaltern in an ordinary line regiment would hardly pay his way and keep out of debt on less than £150 a year besides his pay.

R.C.M. (Halifax).—The "surrender value" of an ordinary life policy is about 40 per cent. of the premiums paid, but in the case of an "endowment policy," that is, one payable at the end of a term of years, it might be as much as 90 per cent. of the premiums paid when the policy is approaching maturity.

C.L. (Thirsk).—A signet ring is usually worn on the little finger of the left hand.

"DAVE" (Hendon).—We do not advise you to pay anything for having your book published. If it is worth anything at all a publisher will be willing to take the risk of bringing it out.

S.A.J. (Birmingham).—A soldier who takes his discharge by purchase cannot be registered as a professional footballer under twelve months from date of discharge.

P.F. (Dublin).—You should call within one week of receiving hospitality.

A.C. (Norbury).—You do not score anything for hitting the Jack at bowls, but the bowl that has touched the Jack is marked with a cross (chalk) and cannot become "dead."

M.M.S. (Nottingham).—You would be very foolish to put any money in a gambling "system."

R.T. (New Cross).—There are thousands of men wandering about homeless and without boots all through not leading from five or more trumps at whist.

D.M.F. (Highgate).—We think that the General Medical Council is rather autocratic in its methods, but after all these doctors knew they were breaking the rules of professional etiquette.

R.O. (Gipsy Hill).—At four-handed billiards the game is 126 up.

B.J.M.D. (York).—If, when walking with a lady you meet another lady, and stop to speak to her, it is not necessary to introduce your companion. In fact, you should not do so unless you have good reason for believing that the ladies would like to know each other.

A.C.B. (Sloane Street).—A fair way of handicapping members of a newly formed miniature rifle club is as follows: Let every competitor start level, but penalise each man two points for every win up to ten wins, one point to fifteen, and from fifteen to twenty half a point. This will enable you eventually to frame a regular handicap on known form.

J.M. (Maidenhead).—The best colour for angling clothes is that of the trunk of an old willow tree.

C.P.R. (Salisbury).—The ointment of oleate of mercury is good for ringworm in a dog. Apply daily and keep the dog away from other animals. Ringworm is caused by a vegetable parasite and dogs often contract it from cattle.

"MAUD" (Edgbaston).—We have read your poem, and have much pleasure in informing you that we are now able to sit up and take a little liquid nourishment.

D.J.R. (Birmingham).—"Introductions" to an editor are seldom much use. The best introduction is a sample of your work. Type-written MS. are preferred, but legible handwriting is not barred.

"PUZZLED" (West Hampstead).—So are we.

C.O'M. (Belfast).—It is not necessary to raise your hat to a lady on meeting her again after just parting from her.

T.T. (Leeds).—At single-wicket cricket there is no limit to the number of balls in an over.

"MARK" (Guernsey).—The Amateur Golf Champion plays through every round, and has often been put out in the first round.

FASCINATION OF SUMMER STUDIES.

In pictures of the old-fashioned idea of self-education the midnight oil is always prominently featured, and it is a common idea that serious home-study is a path of thorns calling for heroic devotion. Hence those who are possessed by that illusion never think of studying in the summer months. "A chap cannot 'swat' in July or August," they say, "wait until October or thereabouts."

The truth is, there is no need to "swat," as they call it; neither is there any need to waste three or four precious months. The way of the ambitious has been made smooth and pleasant, and there is no reason why any eager aspirant for success should tarry in the summer.

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Particulars of any course with all information regarding fees, examples of students' successes, what employers think of the I.C.S., and many other details of great importance can be obtained on application by postcard to International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., International Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.

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THE WEEK'S RACING. THE WIRE SERVI AND GOOD THIN

By THE "OLD HAND."

I am hopeful of having a good winner or two for subscribers to the wire service during the week, and would advise all who intend taking the service to send along early.

By the end of the week I will endeavour to let subscribers know the best thing to back for the Steward's Cup.

The charge made for the overnight and daily service is 5s. (five shillings) for five messages, or 1s. (one shilling) for a single message.

An acceptance of only thirteen out of the original entry for the Liverpool Cup, is, to say the least of it, rather disappointing, and the field does not look like being as big as last year, when eleven turned out.

Since the acceptances were published, Donnithorne has gone out, but Lord Derby still has Hair Trigger II. and Farman in the race.

The Weights Raised.

Owing to the fact that neither Long Set or Mustapha were left in, the weights had to be raised 4lbs. all round, and this brings Mushroom and Trepida to the top, each with 9st.

Trepida has not been out so far this season, and from what can be gathered from the training reports, she is not likely to be at concert pitch by the time the race takes place.

I might remark in passing that I consider she is certain to win a race at the back-end of the season. That disposes of Fallon's charge.

Mushroom, on his best form, has a big chance, and going on what I saw in the Coronation Cup, I shall be surprised if he is not right on top of the winner, if he does not win himself outright.

Sunspot, though undoubtedly a good horse, has quite enough weight, added to which, I think he will find the distance rather more than he cares to travel.

Sure of Genuine Run.

The form of Chili II. is so well known that I may leave him with the remark that whatever his fate, those who support Mr. Mill's horse are certain to get a genuine run for their money. He is one of the most improved horses in training at the present time.

So far this season Hair Trigger II. has proved a failure, but it is significent that Lord Derby must think she has a chance, otherwise Donnithorne would still be in the race. On her best form last season the mare is literally thrown into the race, but we cannot afford to take the possibility of her running up to her best on trust, and it will be much more profitable to wait until she shows something like winning form before supporting her. However, those readers who think of backing her for this race should not be put off because of my opinion.

Personally, if I had to back one of the two, I should certainly take her in preference to Farman.

We now come to the first of Taylor's—King Midas—who likes the course, as he showed last year when running second in the race to Dalnacrag, who was in receipt of 5lbs.

He did not shine particularly well in the Northumberland Plate this year, but if we forget that running, and take into consideration some of his best form, he appears to hold an excellent chance.

Hamerton's 6lbs. Penalty.

Hamerton should be beaten by Chili II. if nothing else, as Hartigan's charge is more favourably handicapped now that Hamerton has earned a 6lbs. penalty than he was at Ascot, when in receipt of 12lbs., Taylor's horse was beaten by a head.

Coastwise, if delivered to the post fit and well, and seriously fancier, might very easily cause an upset. He did not do so badly in the Newbury Cup, when, in addition to getting badly away, he was not nearly fit. I would be rather inclined to advise his support were it not for the fact that he has that fateful tendency to hang back when the tapes go up.

Better Still will find this company a bit above hi will Dutch Girl, and one can hardly fancy Duke M after his recent display.

Those I like best are Mushroom and

CHILI II.,

and I should go for the latter, who is pretty well sure handy at the finish.

Selections for the Week.

The racing this week is at Leicester on Monday and day, Liverpool is allotted the next three days, whilst Park clashes with the latter meeting on the Friday, an a clear day on Saturday. At Leicester it is generally a policy to be on any of Mr. Hibbert's horses that are fa and Lord Derby's should pay to follow at Liverpool.

LEICESTER—Monday.

Prince of Wales Selling Plate: BELGRAVE.
Stoughton Handicap Plate: THE TAJ.
Evening Plate: SUNRIPE.

Tuesday.

Belvoir Castle Handicap: BRANDIMINTINE.
Appleby Selling Plate: ANGEL MAN.
July Three-Year-Old Handicap: KINGDOM.

LIVERPOOL—Wednesday.

Windermere High Handicap: BUCKSTEAD.
Molyneux Plate: MAHSUD.

Thursday.

Liverpolitan Plate: PROTESTANT BOY.

Friday.

Croxteth Plate: HIGHWAYSIDE.

HURST PARK—Friday.

Park Handicap: BRYONY.
Vyner Handicap: UNCLE PAT.

Saturday.

Walton Handicap: THE POLICEMAN.
Sprint Handicap: BLARNEY STONE.

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When replying to advertisements, please forget to mention "The Modern Man."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SHAPELESS SPATS.

Spats of white, grey, or drab linen have come to stay for this summer at least, with the well-dressed man. Unfortunately, for one pair of well-cut, well-fitting spats one sees many that are shapeless and an eyesore. One common, error is the wearing of spats over boots. Thus worn they make even a small, well-shaped foot look clumsy.

Then the buttons or studs of the boots raise little knobs on the spats.

Spats are meant to be worn with *shoes* of the Oxford pattern, and when trying them you should remember to wear shoes.

'WARE READY-MADES.

It is practically hopeless to expect to get a pair of well fitting spats ready-made.

You may do so once in a blue moon, but the odds are heavily against you.

Then many a man goes to a hosier for his spats. You might just as sensibly go to a bootmaker for your shirts.

The disciple of St. Crispin—that is, the shoemaker—is the right man to cut your spats.

Nothing looks worse than spats that are obviously too large or too small, that are wrinkled or pulled over to one side.

It is well worth while to have your spats cut by an expert and to pay a fair price for them.

Cheap, ready-made spats are an abomination and will ruin an otherwise successful *tout ensemble*.

"UNDRESS."

This spell of hot weather has produced the usual crop of vagaries of "undress."

It is extraordinary how many men seem to regard 90° in the shade as an excuse for slovenliness. You will see sober, substantial professional and business men going about waistcoatless and with their coats open so as to display to an unadmiring world their braces and trouser buttons.

If you must discard your waistcoat leave off your braces also, and wear a sash or a belt, preferably the former, so as to hide the trouser buttons.

As a matter of fact, trousers that are meant to be worn with sash or belt should be specially cut, so as practically to support themselves. Further they should have no brace-buttons, the belt or sash being kept in position by loops at convenient spots.

A CURIOSITY.

If some men run to excess in "undress" in hot weather, there is a certain type of man who clings to heavy clothing, even when the mercury is bumping against the top of the thermometer. He usually comes from the North. I sat next such a one at a seaside resort the other day. It was boiling hot, a regular scorcher; a heavy tweed suit, and over all a "Dreadnought" overcoat about six inches thick.

Yet he was not an invalid, but a burly, red-faced man weighing about fourteen stone.

The temperature in his immediate vicinity seemed to be about 200° Fahrenheit.

CARBUNCLE LINKS.

"Cuffs" (Sheffield) asks my advice on the subject of sleeve-links.

For all-round purposes there is nothing to beat plain gold plates ornamented, if you like, with your crest or monogram. Gold links in the shape of dumb-bells also always look well.

Chased gold links, or enamelled links, are apt to look a trifle assertive, more especially those bearing representations of cards, dice, or other sporting subjects.

Jewelled links should be approached with great caution, for they easily look vulgar. I have a pair, however, that I flatter myself are all right. They are made of small oval-shaped carbuncles set in a narrow rim of gold. The carbuncle is a pretty and inexpensive stone, and looks well when worn with a white shirt; but jewelled links are best not worn with coloured cuffs.

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

Insurance is a word which one cannot get away from. To-day it is more significant than ever, and assurance companies must be even busier than they have ever been. The main object of this paragraph, however, is to draw attention to the Ideal Policy issued by the City Life Assurance Company, Ltd., which is claimed to be the last word in life assurance. Business men, nowadays, do not want promises as to the prospective surrender, loan and paid-up policy values of their policies, but a sure guarantee, and this is provided in the "Ideal Policy" by all such values being endorsed therein up to the twentieth year after joining.

Full particulars will be furnished upon application to the Company's Head Office, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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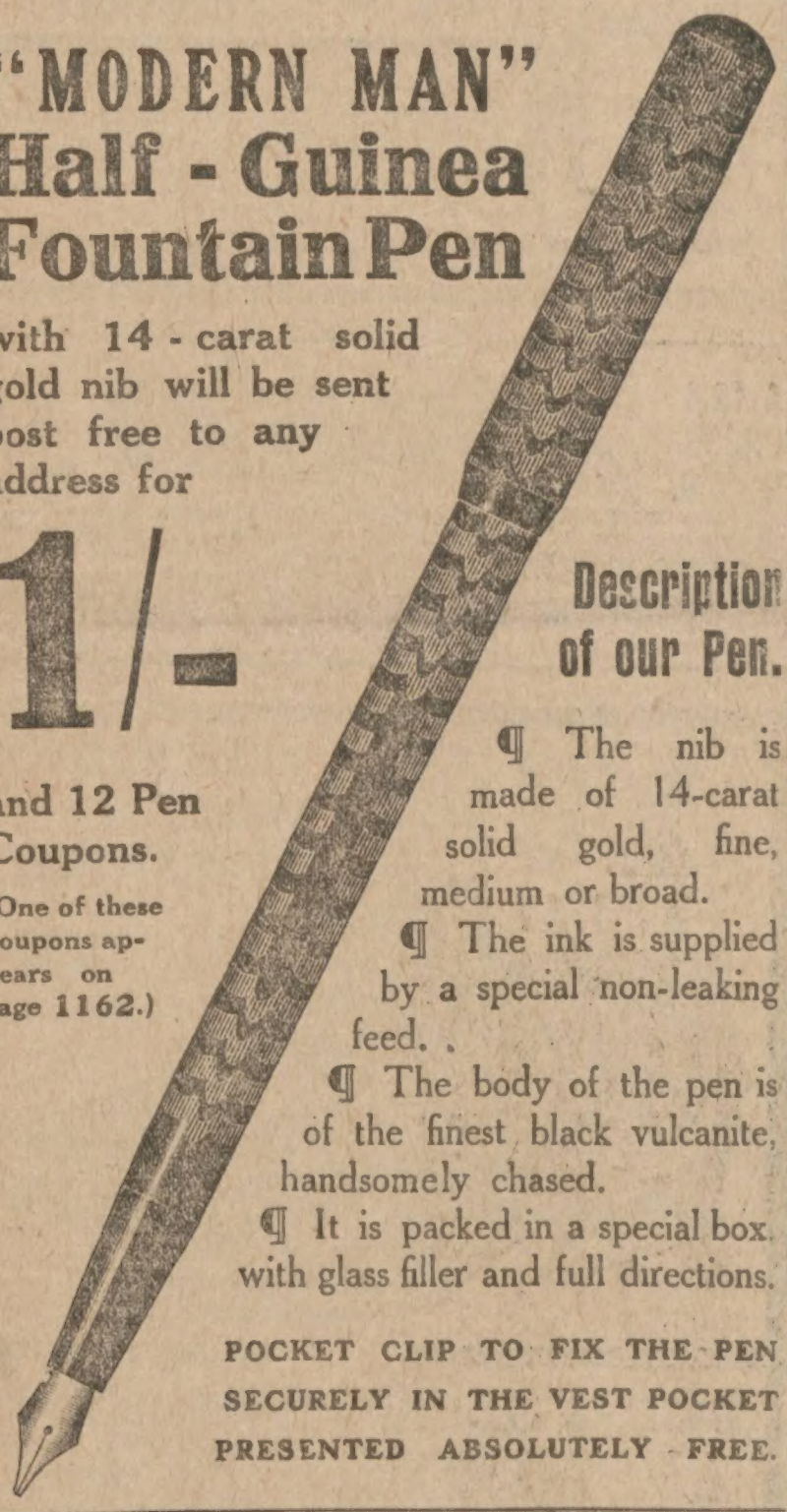
"MODERN MAN" Half-Guinea Fountain Pen

with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 1162.)



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If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

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These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days Free, you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.)

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send *now*.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... 12s. 6d.
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... 10s. 6d.
Suitable for age 14 to 18.
Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... 10s. 6d.
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

Signed ..... *Age*.....

FREE TRIAL.

Address .....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

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